

THE A-TEAM SAILS ON THE LOVE BOAT !

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ME !

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CRACKED

No. 197
\$1.00

SEPTEMBER
1983

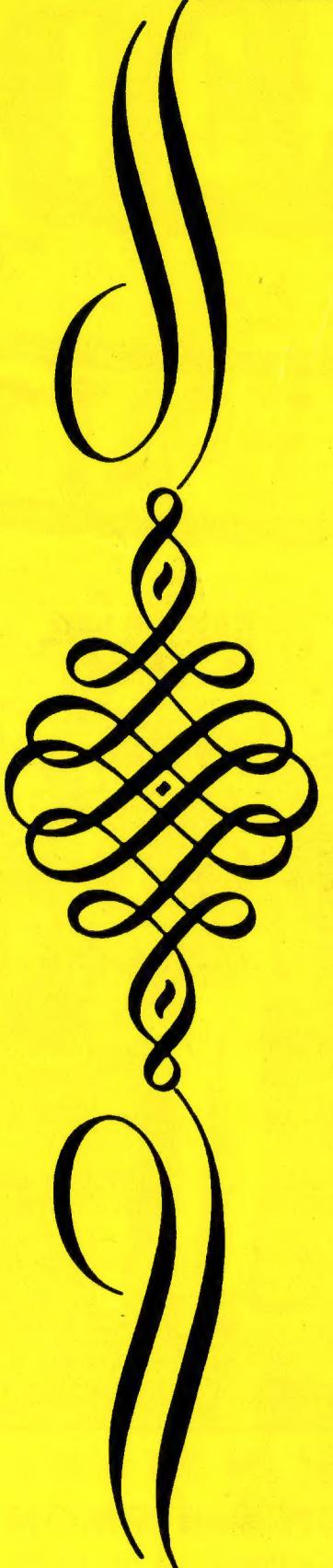
BON VOYAGE LOVE BOAT

GANGPLANK



PLUS: IN THIS ISSUE !
SIMON and SIMON !
IF WE DIDN'T HAVE EARS !
SHUT-UPS !
GIANT POSTER !





King Edward the Martyr

ON THIS SPOT
IN 1197 A.D. THIS WALL
WAS NOT HERE.

BECAUSE OF THIS FACT

CRACKED

THE WORLD'S HUMOREST FUNNY MAGAZINE

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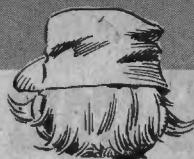
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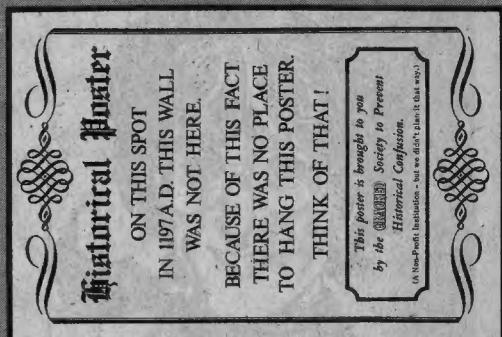
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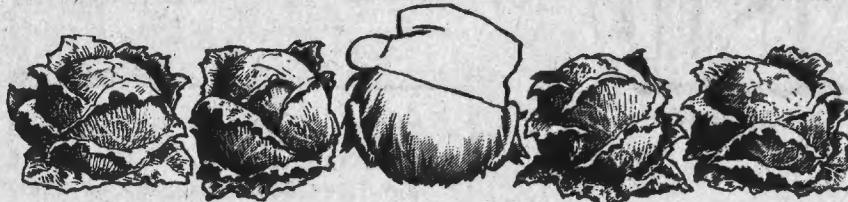


WHAT'S UP FRONT
OUR COVER

That's some heavy baggage for a pleasure cruise, Mr. T. Looks like the **Love Boat** is armed and ready for loads of laughs . . .
Bon Voyage ! (we hope)



LETTUCE from our Readers



ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO CRACKED LETTUCE, 238 PARK AVENUE SOUTH SUITE 5D, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10003

Dear CRACKED,
I'm having a problem because I don't know which I liked better: the movie *TOOTSIE* or your satire of it. Both were entertaining and had lots and lots of laughs. What should I do?

Sue Schacca
Westlake Village, CA

Dear Sue,
Probably a little housework. If you've been spending that much time reading *CRACKED* and going to the movies, then your room is probably a real mess!



Dear CRACKED,
Just got my decoder, membership card and bonus flying disc as a charter member of THE CRACKED FAN CLUB and it's all super. One question about the secret messages though. Could you please tell me where you guys got that code from?

L.L. Baldwin
Ferndale, Mich.

Dear L.L.,
We got it from going out one rainy Friday without our coat and hat.

Dear CRACKED,
Your EAR CHART in CRACKED #196 was a howl!
Ira Cohen
Arlington, Texas

Dear Ira,
No it wasn't. It was a poster.

Dear Kevin,
... or us with a long face with letters like yours coming in.

Dear CRACKED,
I'll have you know that I'm saving CRACKED PREDICTIONS FOR THE NOT TOO DISTANT FUTURE and will let you know how many of them actually come true. Will you print my follow-up letter even if you are more than 75% wrong?

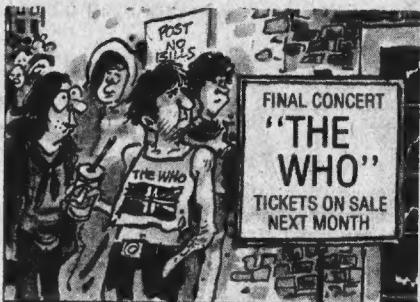
Fred Fontaine
Toronto, Canada

Dear Fred,
Well, to be honest Fred, that's kind of hard to predict.

Dear CRACKED,
After reading your GIFT CATALOG FOR TEENAGERS, I want one of the Snack Pac Packs that allows you to eat while playing video games. It's a great idea. What was it doing in CRACKED?

Carl Zeko
Augusta, GA

Dear Carl,
We don't know. Every so often we just sort of goof and come up with something that's not only hilarious, but that also works as well.



Dear CRACKED,
May I be allowed to comment upon your READ BETWEEN THE LINES piece in your last issue?

Philip Stephens
Butler, NJ

Dear Philip,
No!

Dear CRACKED,
Last month I wrote a very nice letter to you and after mailing it off I learned that I couldn't find my green dress and matching shoes. Well, dumb me! I think I may have put them in the envelope along with the letter by mistake. Could you please look and see? Thank you.

Ester Gosgrove
Ceder City, Col.

Sorry, Ester. All we found in your envelope was your letter and an alarm clock.

Dear CRACKED,
THE DUKES OF HAZZARD MEETS NIGHT RIDER was a clever idea. I mean the idea of combining two car shows into one . . . good thinking!

Penny Strilien
Center Line, Mich.

Dear Penny,
To be honest, at first we thought of combining GLORIA with NIGHT RIDER, but then we dropped the idea after we learned that she couldn't jump a police car as good as General Lee.

Dear CRACKED,
I have another "THINGS YOU'LL NEVER SEE" for you . . . me with a long face as long as CRACKED is around.
Kevin Bertram
Easton, Conn.

Dear CRACKED,
HOW TO HAVE A FUN TIME ON EARTH was an interesting excursion into humor. The way it perceived our verdant planet from an extraterrestrial's viewpoint was refreshing and quite humorous.

Edward McKenna Steiger
Denver, CO

Dear Edward,
We'll thank you for your kind letter as soon as we get the English translation from our lawyer. He speaks intelligent far better than us.

NEXT ISSUE—CRACKED #198
ON SALE AT YOUR
FAVORITE NEWSSTAND
JULY 5th, 1983



Dear CRACKED,
You guys are getting mentioned by name more and more by teachers in the Buffalo-area school system. No kidding! Why, today alone, my English teacher mentioned you four times in class when she said, "Kenny, stop reading that CRACKED and pay attention to my lecture!"

Kenny Simons
Buffalo, NY

Dear Kenny,
We suggest you stop reading CRACKED in English class for awhile. We don't want you getting into any trouble. In fact, until things blow over, why not try reading it somewhere else—like maybe Math class.

Dear CRACKED,
THERE'S GOOD NEWS AND BAD NEWS reminds me of a funny story....

Bobby Green
Jackson, FL

Dear Bobby,
And we have some good news and bad news for you. The bad news is that your story really wasn't very funny. However, the good news is that we didn't have room to print it anyway.

Dear CRACKED,
I'll bet you guys don't print real letters.
I'll bet you write them yourself.

Alice Porter
Higganum, Conn.

Dear Alice,
What's so bad about that—by the way, didn't you write your letter yourself?

**CRACKED FAN CLUB
SECRET MESSAGE**
LF ZFC MHOBNRH PJOP
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PJH XBCD XOA
MHOL PJNW ?
TH'MH MHOB
XMOXVHL SOAW!



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2C9830

At the beginning of TV's second season this January, NBC realized what dire straits their network was in. So, they contacted a group consisting of 4 men and one woman—soldiers of fortune—capable of pulling off any stunt. Their mission: go up against HAPPY DAYS on Tuesday night and obliterate the Fonz in the ratings. It was because of this that they became known as "THE A-A-AAYY TEAM." This mission was going along as planned, but was interrupted one day when another star from that same competing network called up Cannibal (the head of this special actions team) with an urgent request.



THE A-A-AAYY TEAM TAKES A RIDE ON THE LOVELY BOAT

And that's our **mission** men. Each of you will be replacing a member of the Lovely Boat's crew.



The plan sounds fine only I think we should make one revision. Let **Lamey** replace Droolie on their staff, instead of **B.O.**

Yeah! I don't wanna wear no dress. I got bony knees. Besides, I'd rather be the ship's doctor.

O.K. Done!

B.O. will be the **doctor**, Murderdoc will be the new **bartender**, Mace will be the **recreational counselor**, Lamey will take over **Droolie's job**—whatever the heck it is she's been doing for 8 seasons—and I'll be the **co-captain**. The ship's just about to dock and it's of utmost importance that we board as **discretely** as possible. So, let's go.

Right!

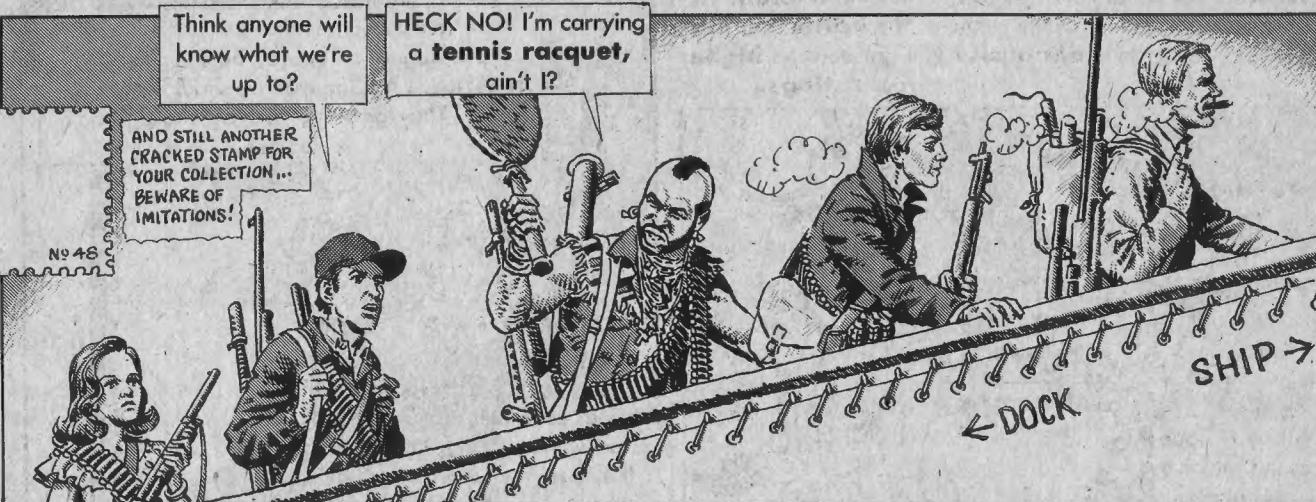


Think anyone will know what we're up to?

HECK NO! I'm carrying a **tennis racquet**, ain't I?

AND STILL ANOTHER CRACKED STAMP FOR YOUR COLLECTION... BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

N° 48



Welcome aboard The Lovely Boat! May I take your **bags** sir?

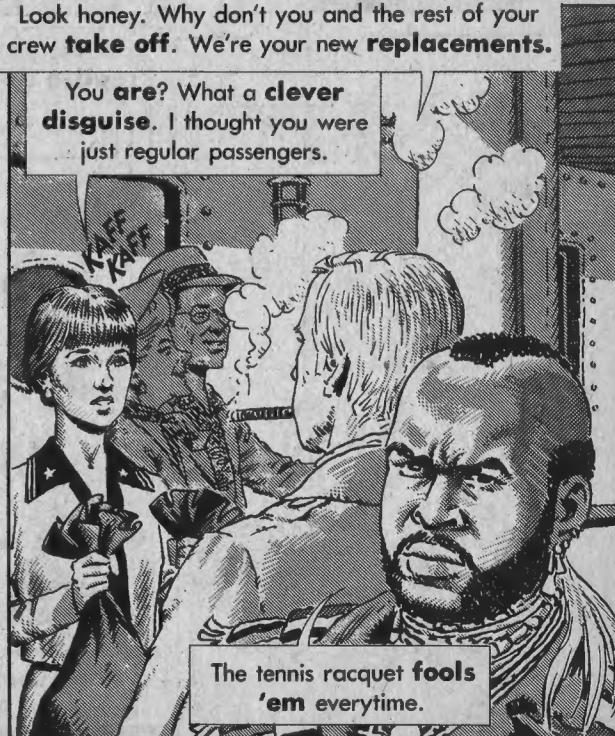
RENÉ DEY '72

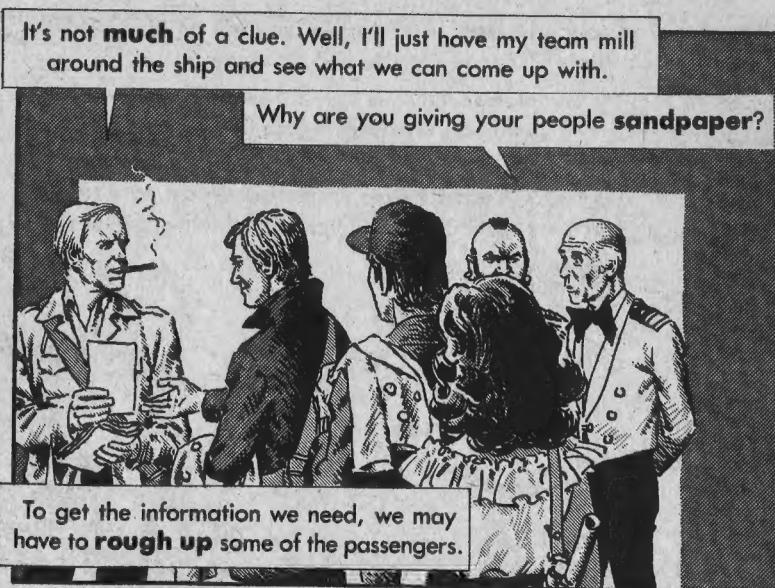
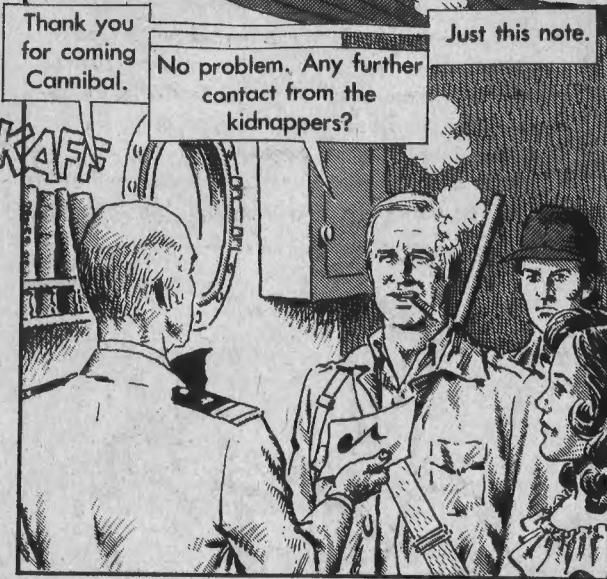
Thanks!

Look honey. Why don't you and the rest of your crew **take off**. We're your new **replacements**.

You are? What a **clever disguise**. I thought you were just regular passengers.

The tennis racquet fools 'em everytime.



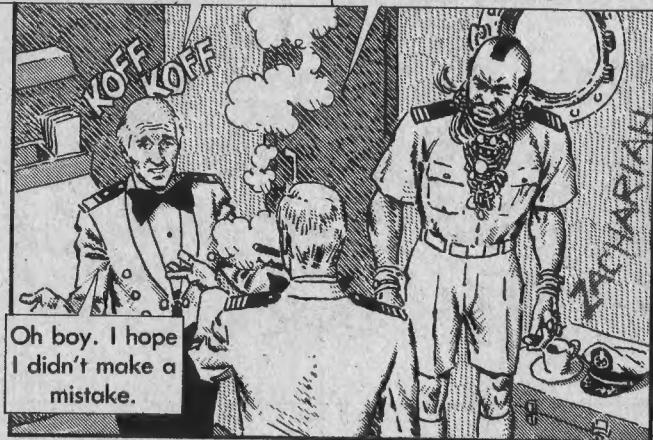


Cannibal, this is the Lovely Boat. Please be gentle. Didn't they teach you anything over at NBC?

YEAH! The more **violent** your show is, the **better** the **time slot** you get and the **higher** your **ratings**.

How we doing?

Well, latest count is that out of the 1,100 passengers on board, **300** are now **missing**. I think maybe we should check the rooms. They gotta be **hiding** those people someplace.



AHHH!

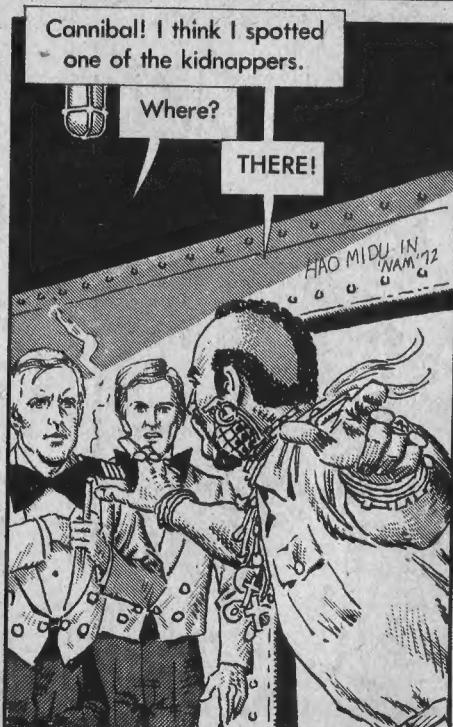
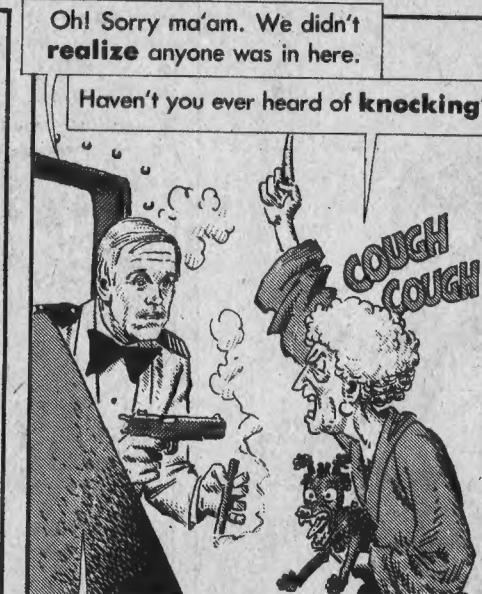
Oh! Sorry ma'am. We didn't **realize** anyone was in here.

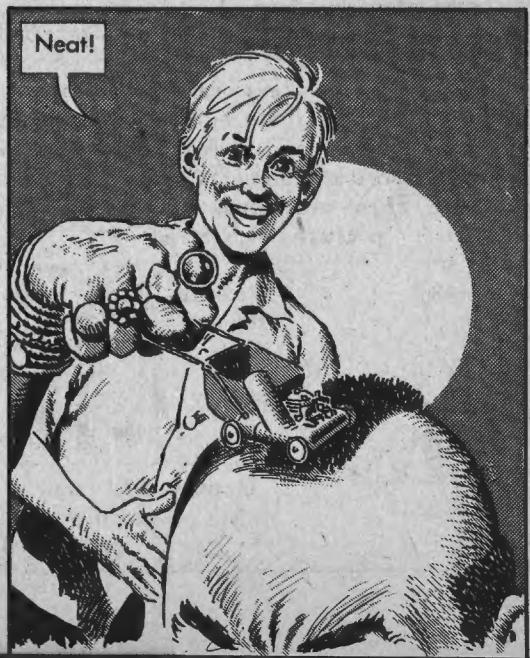
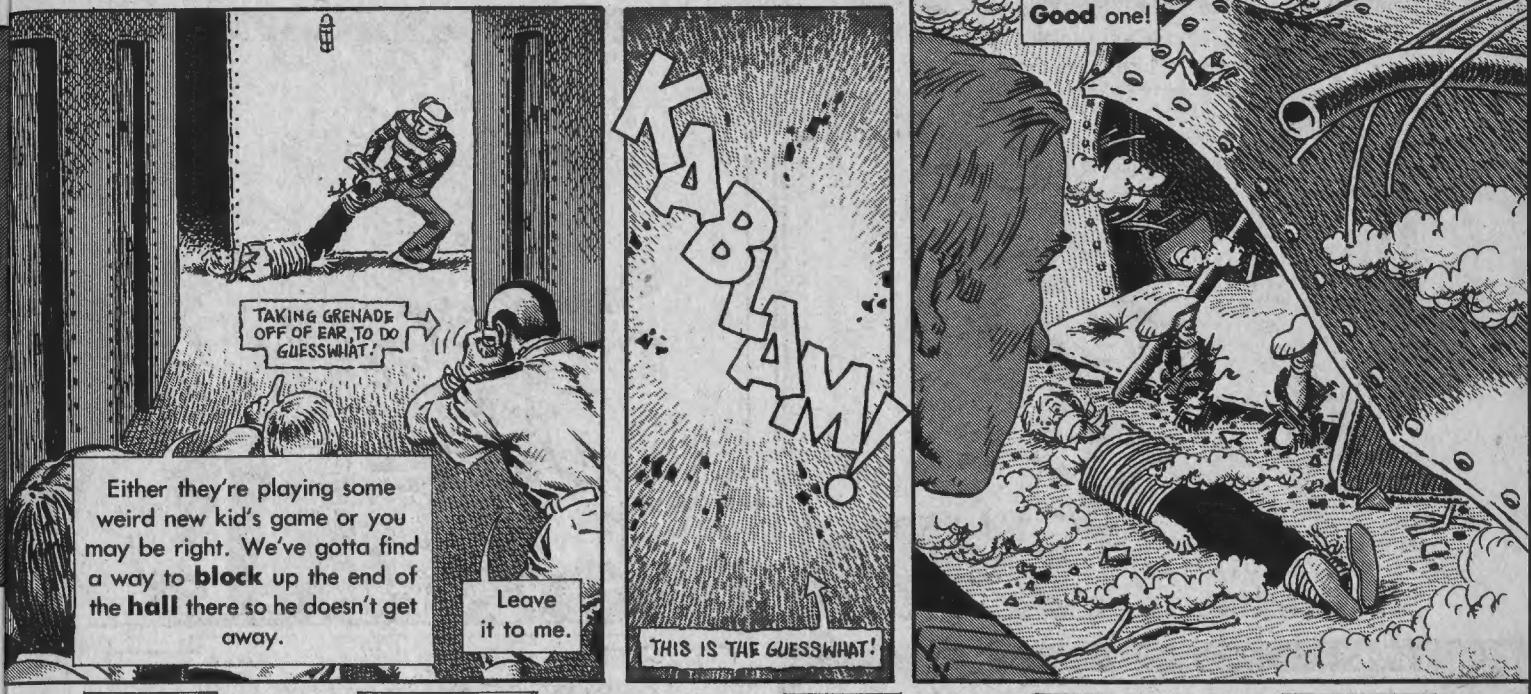
Haven't you ever heard of **knocking**?

Cannibal! I think I spotted one of the kidnappers.

Where?

THERE!





Cannibal, I was in the midst of teaching some senior citizens how to parachute jump when I think I spotted where the kidnappers are hiding all those people.

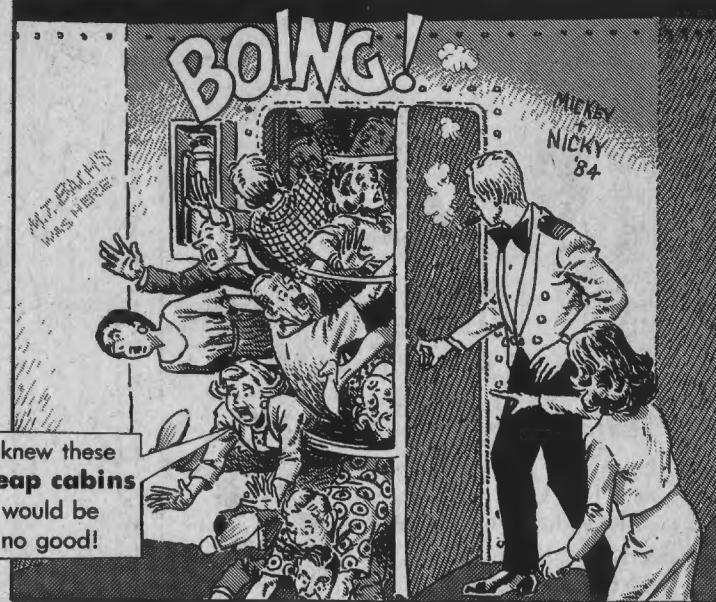
Where?

In that storage closet.

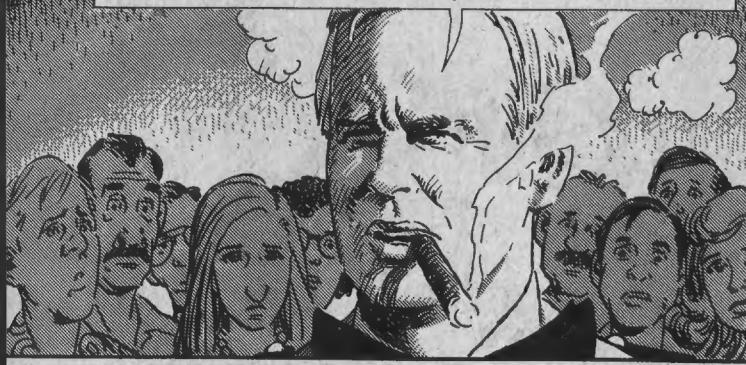


Well, let's just see if you're right.

I knew these cheap cabins would be no good!



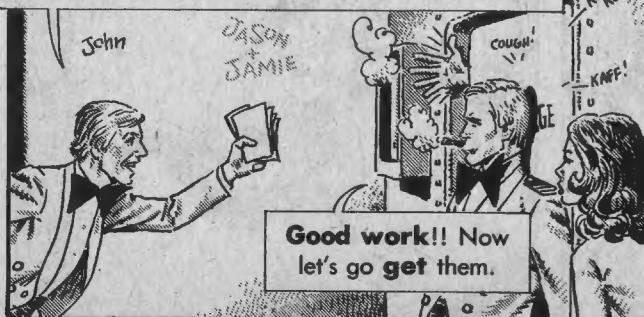
Looks like you **are** right. Excuse me ladies and gentlemen, but we're not really crew members, but actually a team sent to capture the men who kidnapped you. Now, we don't want them to know that we've **discovered** where they've been hiding you, so if you'll all just kindly get **back** into the **closet**. It's not hard! All you have to do is to remember the **order** they **stuffed** you **in** before.



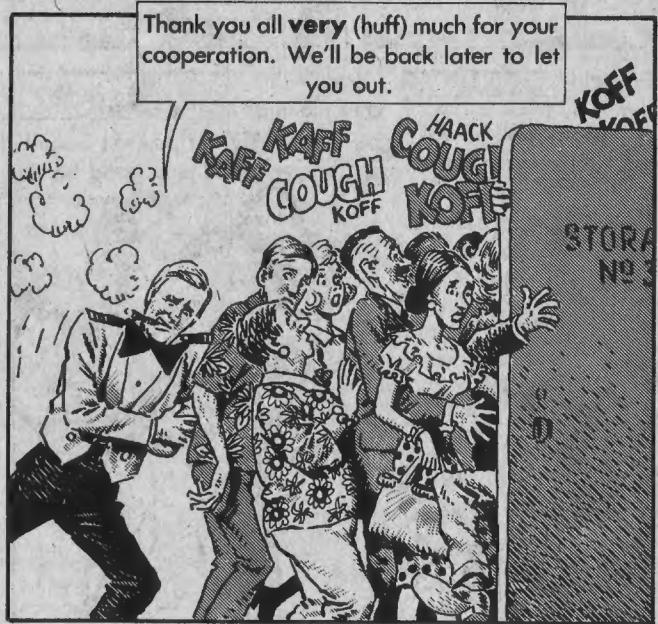
Guys, I **know** who the kidnappers are. There's 8 of them.

How'd you find out?

Through a clever announcement I made over the ship's P.A. I broadcast that the boat was having a special contest that was awarding \$50 to the **first 10 kidnappers** who brought a yellow fork to the main office. **Eight men showed up!** I have their pictures right here.



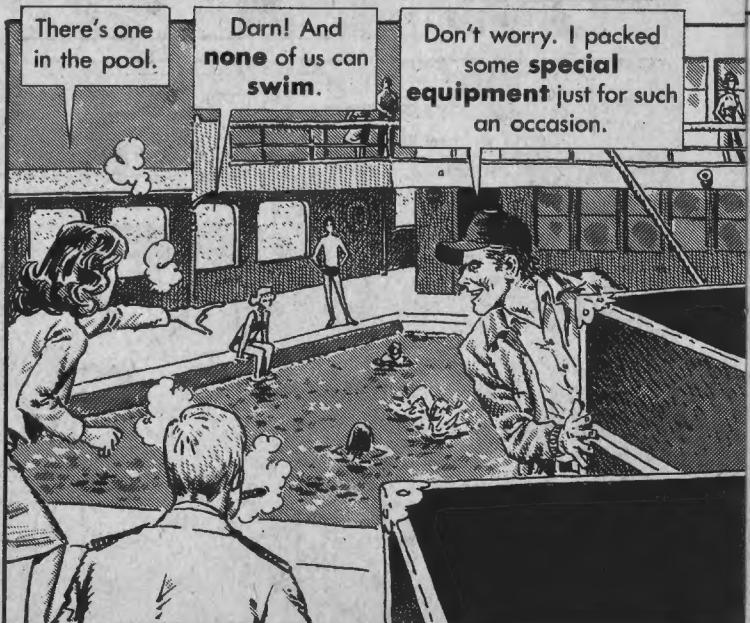
Thank you all **very** (huff) much for your cooperation. We'll be back later to let you out.



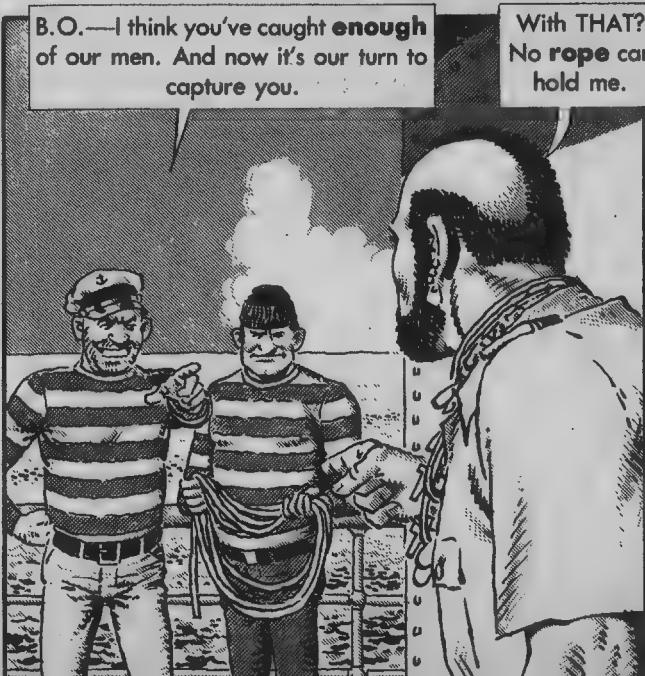
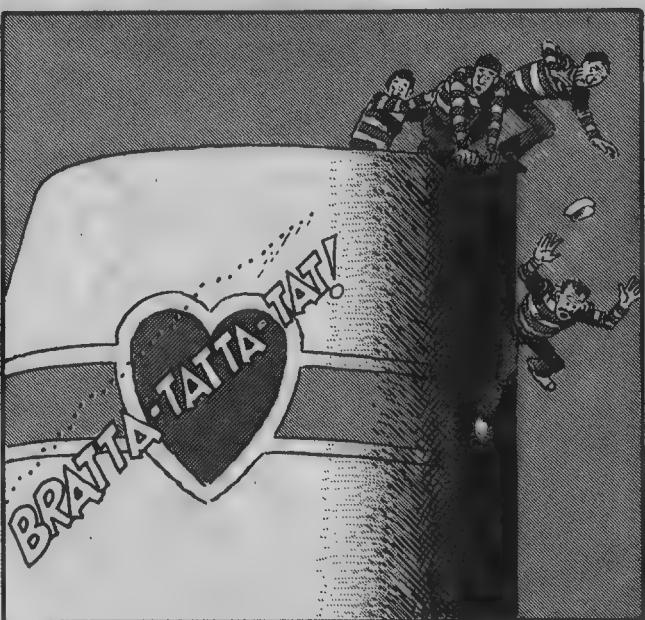
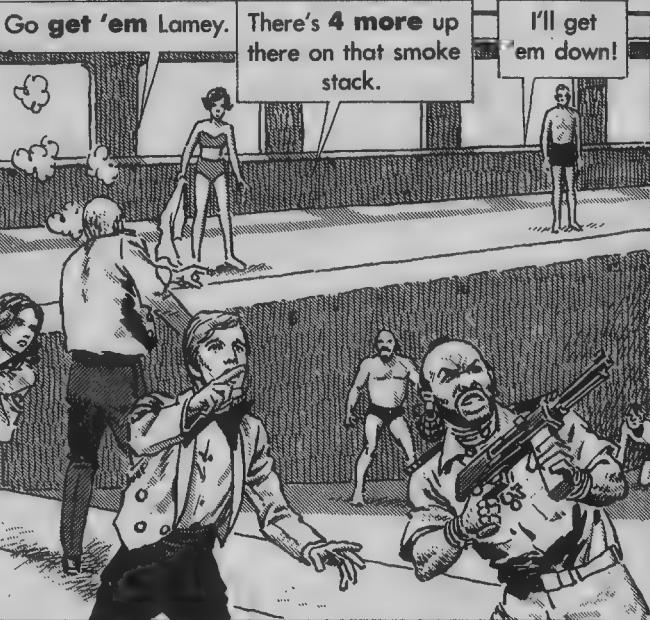
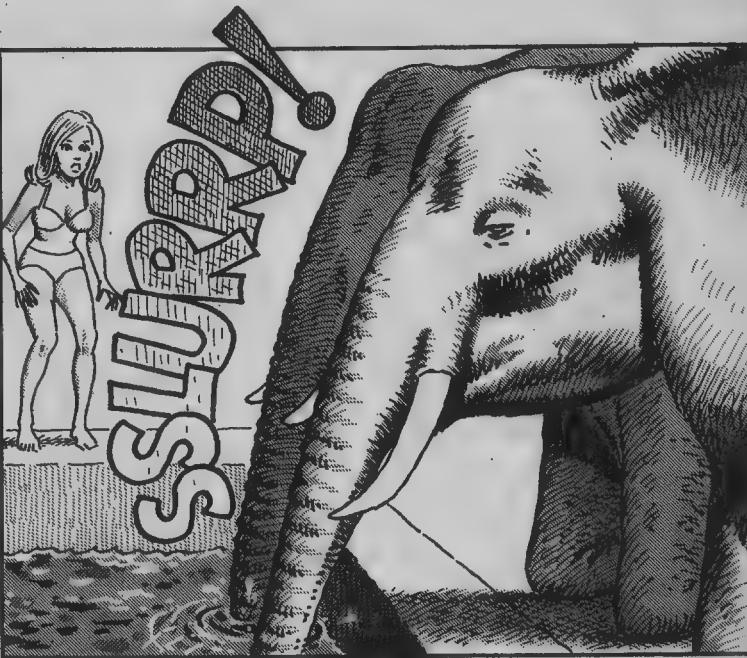
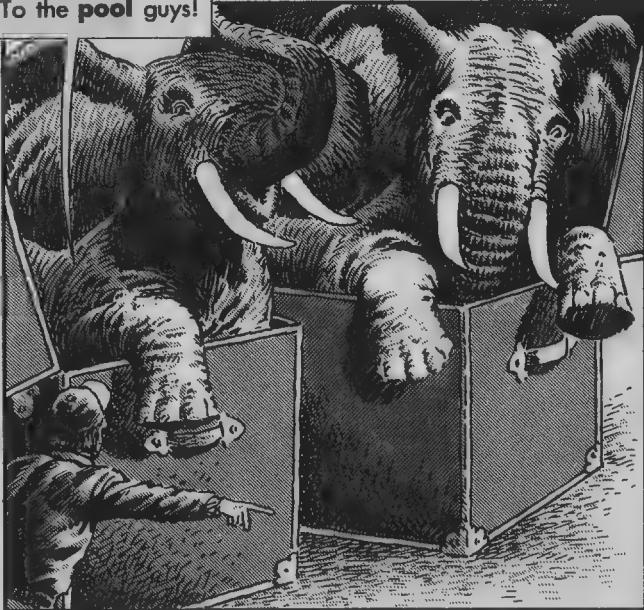
There's one in the pool.

Darn! And **none** of us can swim.

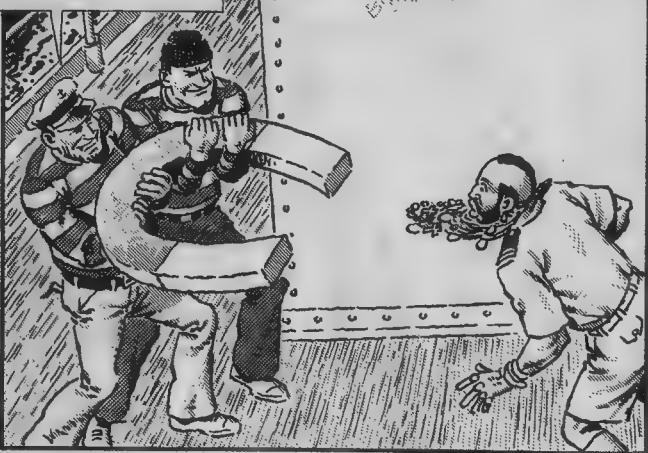
Don't worry. I packed some **special equipment** just for such an occasion.



To the pool guys!



No, but this giant magnet will.



DARN!

That'll teach you to wear all that junk around your neck.

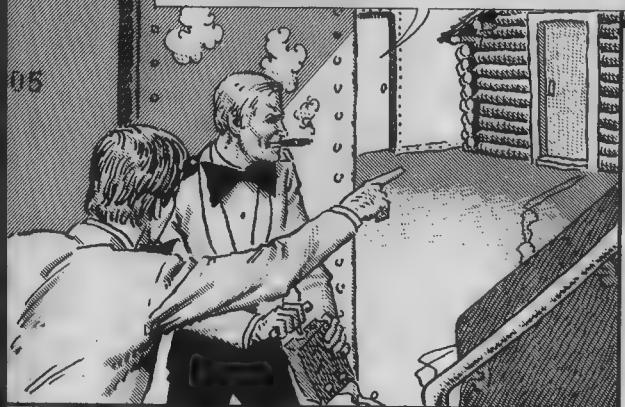


The kidnappers have B.O.

That's what happens when you only bathe once a month.

No, Cannibal. OUR B.O.! In that cabin there!

Great! I was hoping they'd end up in there. Before I secretly wired the place with 400 tons of explosives. Shall we push the little plunger and see what we catch?



Well, Captain, all of the kidnappers have been captured and I don't think they'll be bothering any more of your passengers.

So I've heard.

Looks like you're free to finish your cruise to Wyoming.

That, I'm afraid, is impossible!



But why?

After what you guys did . . .

THE SHIP IS SINKING!



Did you ever have a problem, question or statement to ask your parents? And before you even set forth that problem, question or statement to them, did you know exactly how your parents would respond? That's because things may change (especially underwear), but parents' answers to classic statements don't. Yup, we here at CRACKED believe that, in most circumstances, we can pretty much guess.

WHAT YOUR MOTHER WOULD SAY... WHAT YOUR FATHER WOULD SAY...

Football! You!! They'll kill you! Your **nose** will get broken and you won't have any **teeth** left. Just **look** at what Bobby Orr looks like.

Bobby Orr played hockey, mom.

I think I'm gonna try out for the football squad.

Way to go, son! You'll have no problem making the team. Can you get me free tickets to the games?

Oh! And if Jerry Slugfinster jumped off a cliff would you want to do that too??!

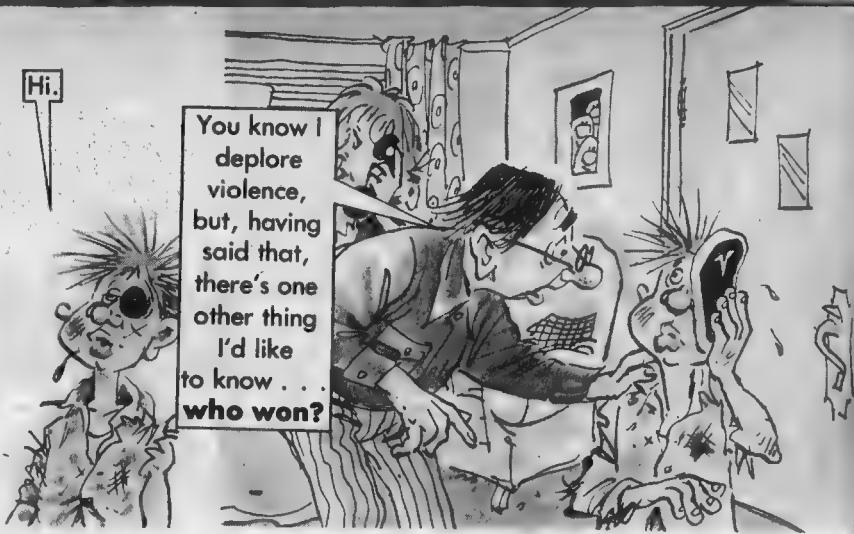
It's Saturday! Why can't I go to the beach? Huh? Jerry Slugfinster is going.

Have you washed the car and piled the newspapers in the garage? You should be doing more work around the house if you want to go out on week-ends.

NO!

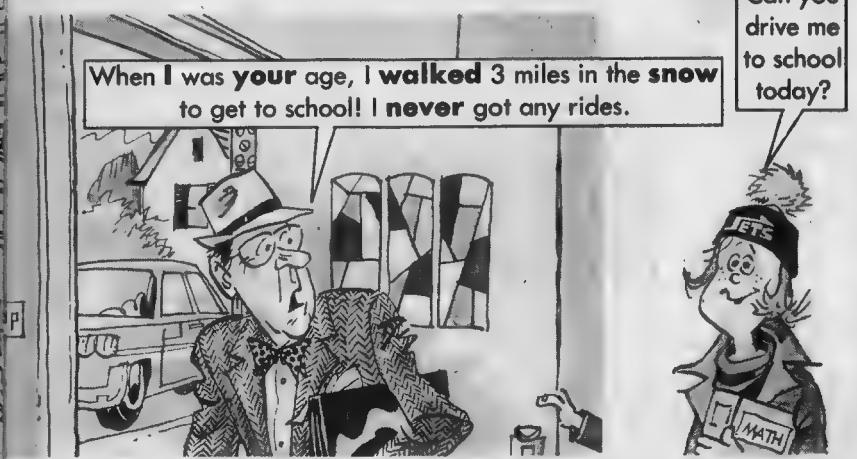
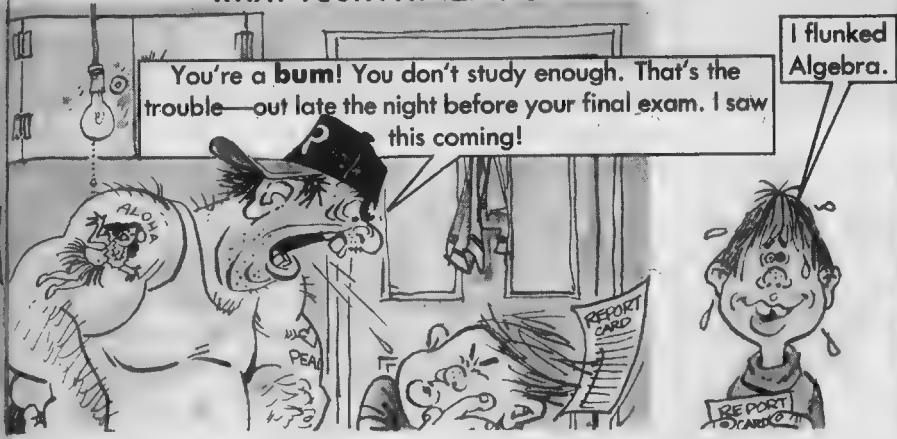
Can I borrow the keys to the car?

NO!



And then, there are always the times that you go to your father first for a response. But, once again, CRACKED knows...
WHAT YOUR FATHER WOULD SAY...

WHAT YOUR MOTHER WOULD SAY...

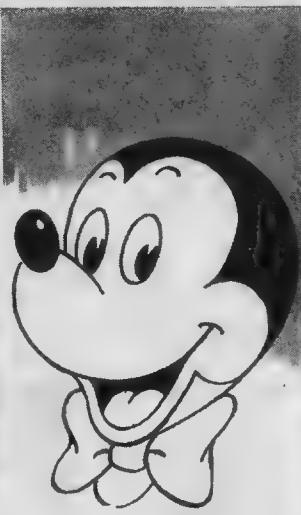


With so much to do and accomplish in a day, we often take for granted a lot of the little things in life we have like sunsets, clean air and Wayne Newton. But even more so, when was the last time you thought about what a great thing the human body is? Well, we'd like you to stop and reflect with us for a moment as we examine one small part of this great machine and think about what life would be like.

Oh, go ahead and laugh, but if we didn't have ears, people would keep losing their pencils.



And Mickey Mouse would look so weird!



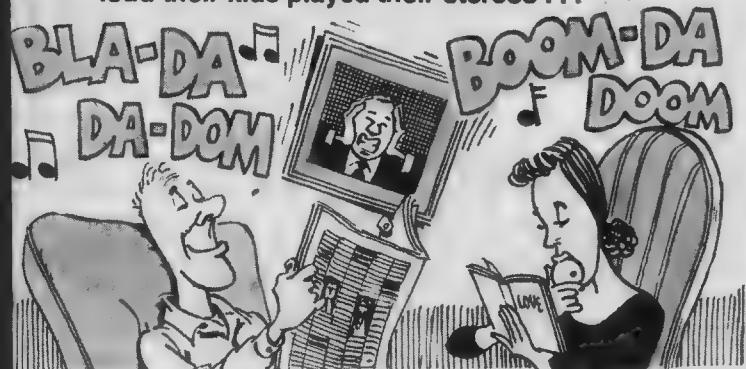
And Red Riding Hood would have been 'eaten' a page earlier in all those fairy tale books.

Let's see Grandma, I talked about what big **eyes** you had, but since **ears** are out, I guess I'm gonna have to move right onto your teeth—unless those are **out** too?



No, they're in. I got my **dentures** back from the **dentist** this morning.

Of course, without ears, parents wouldn't care how loud their kids played their stereos . . .



. . . but then, kids probably wouldn't have stereos to begin with.

Wanna listen to some music?

We can't. We don't have any **ears**.

Well, at least that's one less thing to **wash** when we get ready for school in the morning.



And, without ears, none of us would ever have to be bothered by boring conversationalists again.

Now let me tell you how I reupholstered the back seat of my car. That was an even **greater** challenge than the **front** seat.



Which leads us to another point. If we didn't have ears, our sense of hearing would have to be relocated to another part of our bodies, like our nose . . .

Would you speak up. I can't hear you.

I said that **seat** is **taken** and you're now sitting on my 3 year old son.



. . . thus making whispering "sweet nothings" to your girlfriend a bit awkward.



IF WE DIDN'T HAVE EARS

And necessitating the redesign of all those Walkman units.



Not to mention how much harder it would be to listen to someone in another room using the old "glass-to-the-wall" trick.



And it would change two very popular everyday phrases:



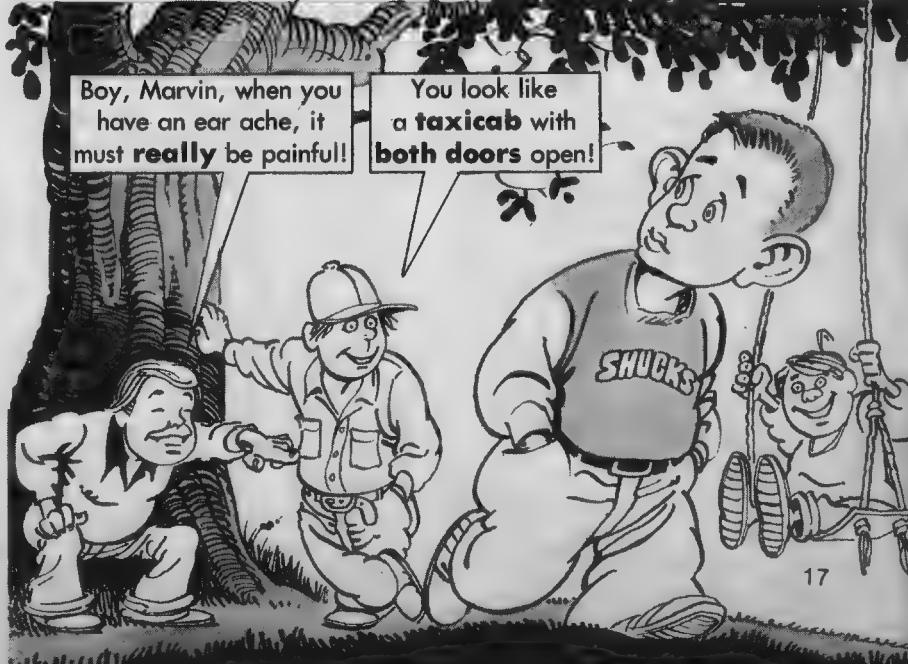
and . . .



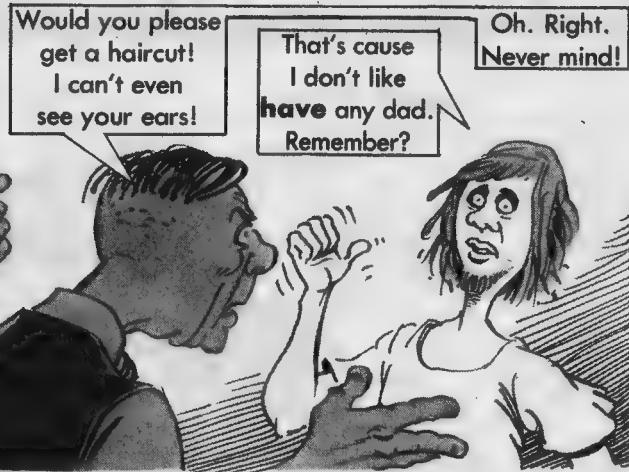
Of course there would be a couple of positive things that would come from this. It would be a whole lot easier for you to take off a sweater or a sweatshirt.



And kids who are teased now would be left alone.



And if we didn't have ears, it would weaken a father's argument for urging his long-haired son to get a haircut.



And some of Shakespeare's best speeches would have to be rewritten.

"Friends, Romans and countrymen, lend me your thumbs. I have come to . . ."



And women and gypsies would have to wear their earrings on a different part of their bodies.

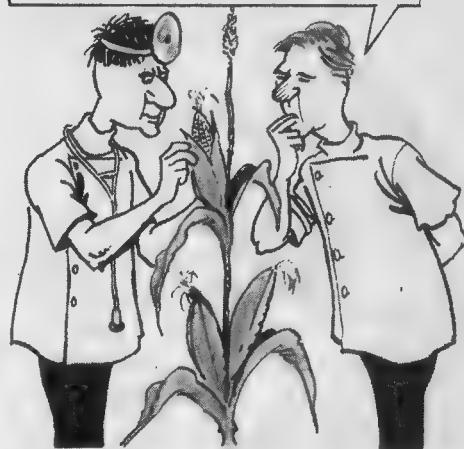


And hats, caps and fedoras would keep slipping further down onto your face.



Ear doctors would still be in existence, only they'd be examining something else.

Maybe we should call in Dr. Reddenbacker for a third opinion.



And all of these bestselling products would soon be off the market.



And, without ears, your eyeglasses would keep falling off your face.



So, the next time you look in the mirror, rejoice over what you have . . .

Oh, EARS! I

love you.
Thank you
for being
a part
of me!

Are you
going
weird on
me again,
Frank?



MORE BELIEVE IT OR NOTS



Neighbors of New York fireman Forrest Fyre got so tired of him practicing his fire pole slides down their favorite oak tree, that they covered it with Crazy Glue in 1975 (and he has been stuck to it ever since). BELIEVE IT OR NOT.



Faith healer/Dentist Cid Still can fill a cavity simply by placing his hand on his patient's face and throwing the filling at the decayed tooth! BELIEVE IT OR NOT.

In 1979 a New York businessman chased a briefcase full of Mexican jumping beans for five-and-a-half blocks before it finally eluded him by slipping down a sewer drain. BELIEVE IT OR NOT.



While on a bus tour of Paris, France, Mickey Mitchum of Mississippi (say that five times fast) was surprised by his parents who flew clear from America just to give him a clean handkerchief! BELIEVE IT OR NOT.

**It's your hanky, Mickey,
you left it in
your bedroom.**



Japanese fisherman Sum Yung Foo not only has a 200 pound shark for a pet, but he also takes it for a walk everyday! BELIEVE IT OR NOT.



In 1978 a five-year old New Hampshire boy discovered a sunken pirate ship at the bottom of his bathtub. (The ship had apparently shrunk from all the water) BELIEVE IT OR NOT.

**Sorry, that's
not my
brand.**



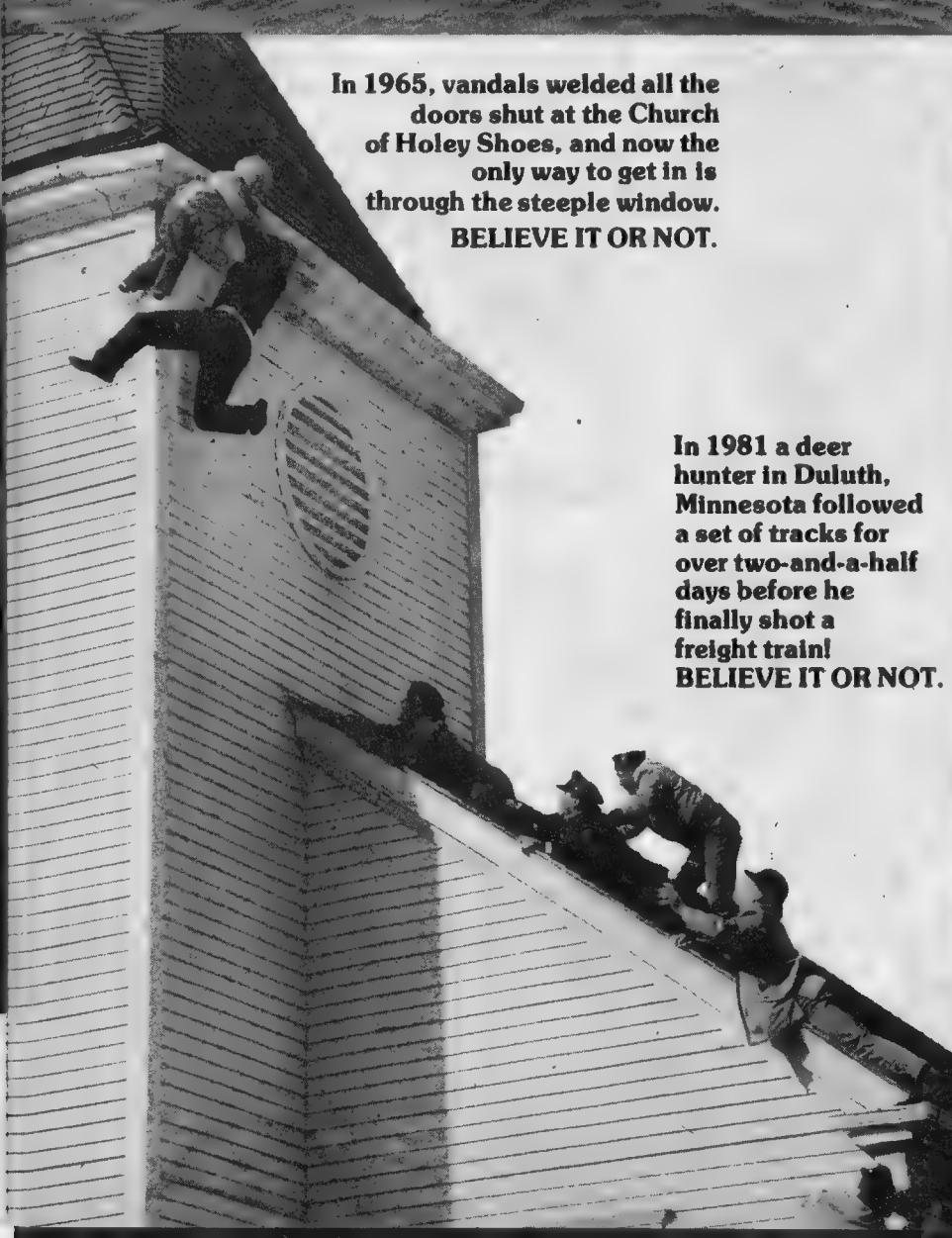
In the state of Texas during the 1800's, rather than giving his bride a wedding ring, a groom would brand his wife with his initials instead. BELIEVE IT OR NOT.

To spare motorists the anguish of driving their old cars to the junkyard, for only \$75 the "Heap-in-the-Deep" Company of England will load your car onto a ferry and give it a burial-at-sea.
BELIEVE IT OR NOT.



I knew we
should have
taken the
plane.

In 1965, vandals welded all the doors shut at the Church of Holey Shoes, and now the only way to get in is through the steeple window.
BELIEVE IT OR NOT.



In 1981 a deer hunter in Duluth, Minnesota followed a set of tracks for over two-and-a-half days before he finally shot a freight train!
BELIEVE IT OR NOT.



In Milford, Delaware it is against the law to dine in public without first washing your hands. BELIEVE IT OR NOT.



In Kalispell, Montana U.S. Post Office employees are authorized to shoot anyone who mails a letter without a zip code. BELIEVE IT OR NOT.



After relieving himself on a public fire hydrant, New York watch dog Shaggy was so ashamed of himself that he turned himself in at the local police station. BELIEVE IT OR NOT.

While filming a 1968 Timex watch commercial, actress Phyllis Diller dove into a pool with two men wearing watches strapped to her ears! BELIEVE IT OR NOT.

Our nation has always been thought of as the land of opportunity. Well, maybe that was true in 1883, but today it's a different story. It's almost impossible to make an honest buck, by starting your own business or company. So, we felt it was high time for:

CRACKED'S GUIDE FOR MAKING MONEY IN THE 80's



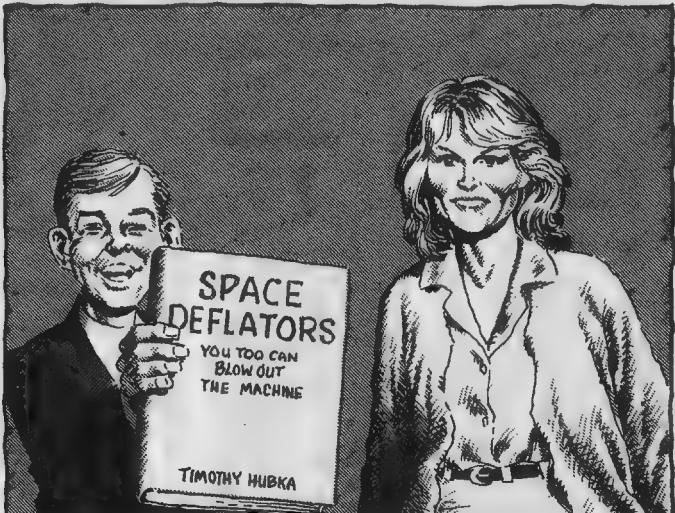
Become a politician, take a bribe from a known FBI undercover agent, then write a book about it and make a fortune.



Put E.T.'s face on anything and you'll make money faster than you can call home!



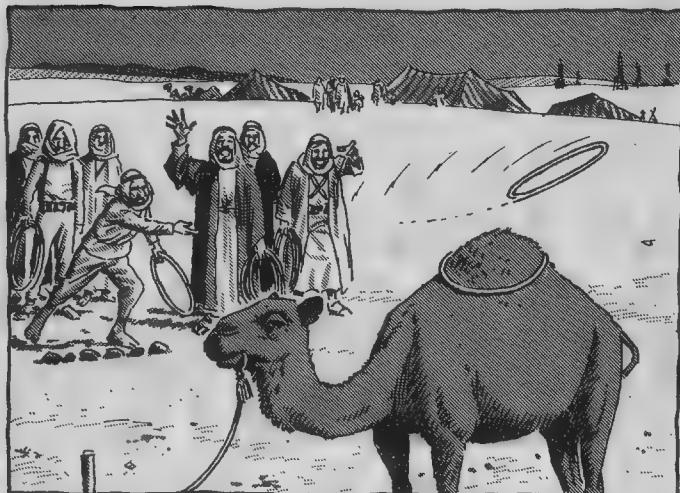
Practice day and night to become the highest scorer ever on Space Deflators ...



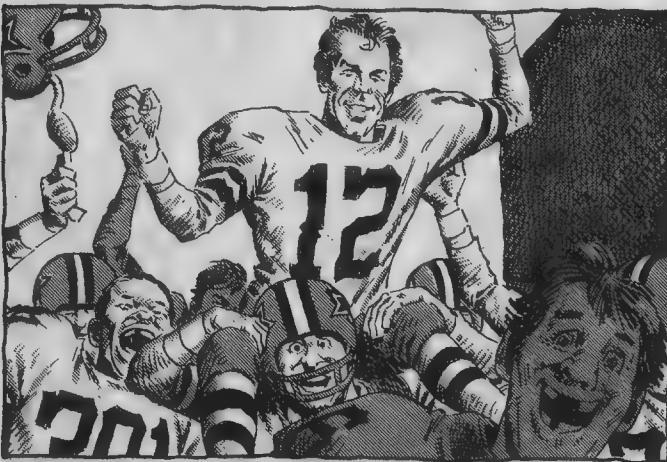
... then you'll get on "THAT'S INCREDIBLE!" to promote your book which tells other kids how to beat the machine.



Fads come and go. So, take one that's disappeared and buy the remainders at $\frac{1}{4}$ of their cost.



... then just remarket the Hula Hoops to the Arabs as Camel-Ring-Toss-Games at \$25 for six.



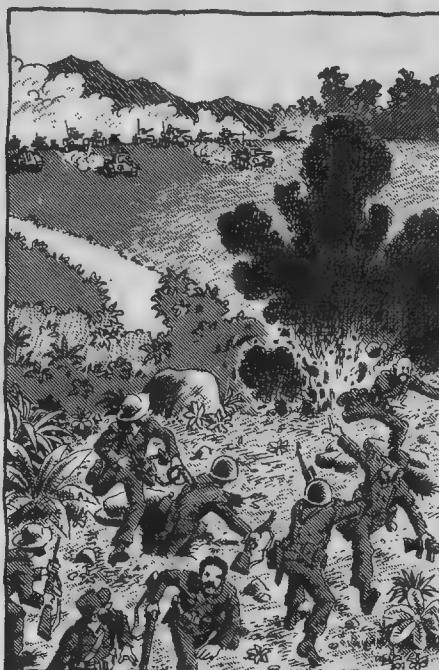
Become a famous football quarterback and maybe even win a superbowl ...



... then you can endorse anything and make a fortune without getting your head bashed in.



Overthrow any third world nation ...



declare war on any neighboring communist nation ...



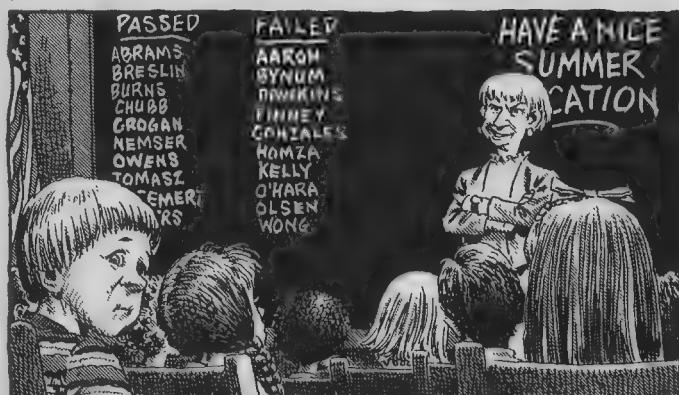
... then ask the U.S. for aid and watch as billions of dollars come into your country, and into your pocket!



Are you a fruit seller who is having problems selling his apples and oranges?



To see your fruit fly, just print up a few signs telling how good and "natural" your fruit is. In no time, our health conscious society will buy you out.

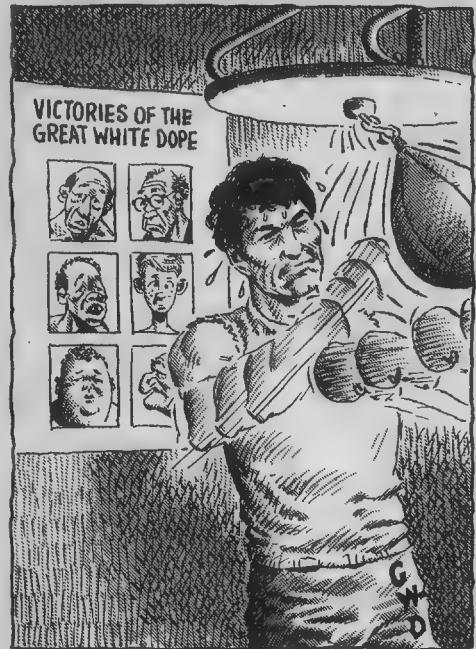


Being a teacher is tough! Low pay, no respect. So to help make ends meet on the last day of the school year, flunk half the class so they are all in jeopardy of staying back.

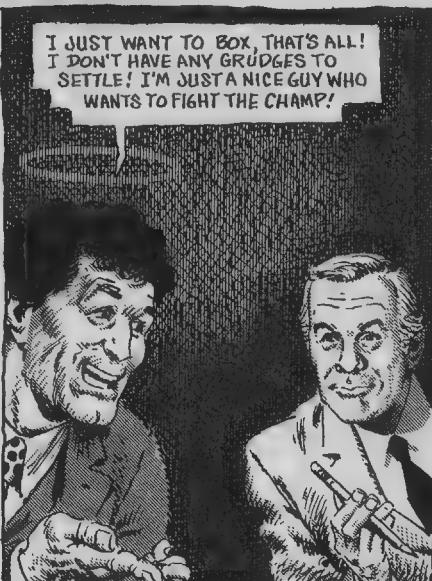


Then, at \$20 an hour you offer to tutor their children privately for half the summer and rake in hundreds of dollars teaching them in six weeks the stuff they should have learned during the whole school year!

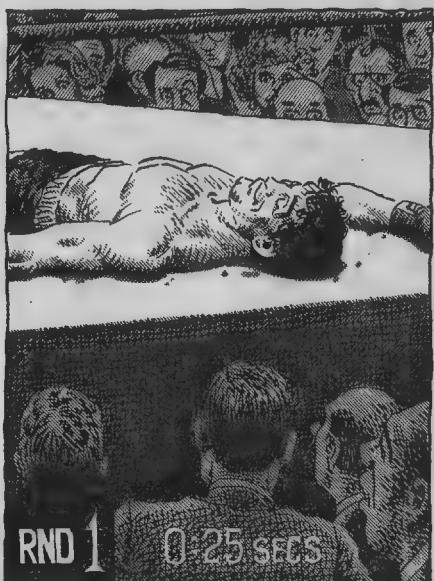
THE GREAT WHITE DOPE



Become a professional boxer, but only fight three fights against weak opponents so you won't get hurt . . .



. . . then get on as many sports and news programs and act real sweet so everyone will love you and pressure the media and boxing commission to get you a title shot.



As soon as your opponent gets near you go down for the count. Who cares about the fight when you just made 10 million bucks for 25 seconds of work.

Have you checked the paperback bestseller lists lately? We know. Garfield is all over the place—"THE scattered around all this kitty litter-ature are two other books entitled "REAL MEN DON'T EAT QUICHE" and wouldn't you know that a third book would one day come out dealing with children. Of course, it hasn't

REAL KIDS DON'T EAT SPINACH



Real kids don't outgrow clothes
They tear them,
rip them,
wear them out
at the knee,
lose them
at gym . . .



. . . sacrifice them to the family dog and grease them up until they're unwearable, but they NEVER EVER outgrow them.



Real kids
know the
entire
network TV
schedule
by heart.



Happy Days . . .
8:00 . . .
Tuesday . . . ABC.

However,
they're not
too sure
about which
presidents
come before
Reagan and
after
Washington.



Let's see, there
was the **vacuum**
cleaner president
in there somewhere—
Herbert Electrolux—
or was it Hoover?

And they're also
not too positive
about the times
they should be
taking their
medicine or the
dates of anyone's
birthday other
than their own
or when their
next dental
appointment is.

My dental appointment?

3AM? Sunday?



But ask them
when the
"Love Boat"
sails and
they'll know.

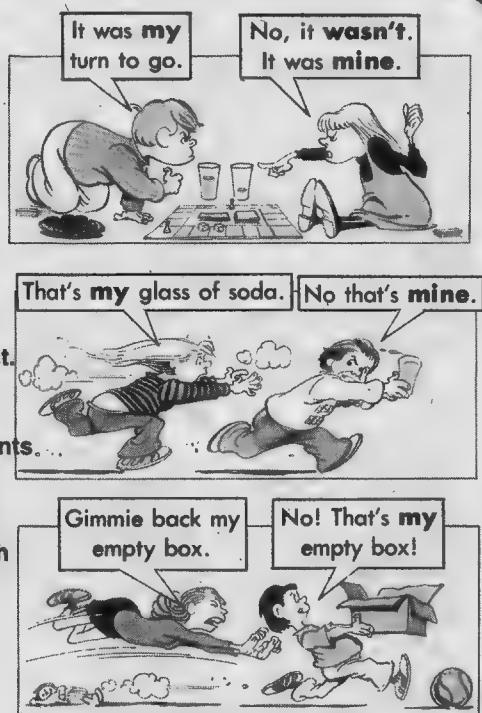
Towels—Real kids acknowledge their existence by wiping their hands on them after placing said hands under running water for no more than 2 seconds before each meal. Their theory is that any dirt that didn't fall off under the water will rub off on the towel.



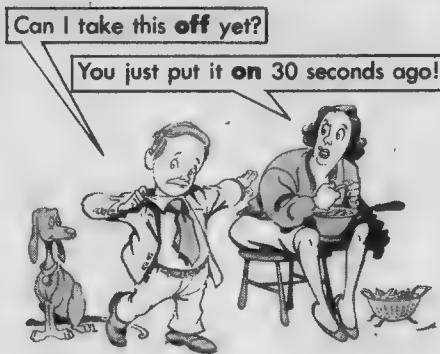
Any dirt left after that will just have to wait
until the next meal.

"GARFIELD TREASURY", "GARFIELD TAKES THE CAKE" and "GARFIELD GOES TO THE BANK". However, "REAL WOMEN DON'T PUMP GAS". Each defines the authors' ideals of what a real man/woman is. Well, reached the stores yet, but it is out below as CRACKED now presents that soon-to-be bestseller

Real kids can't stay in a room alone with a fellow brother or sister for more than 18 minutes without an argument breaking out. However, these disagreements are usually never petty and revolve around such important issues as:



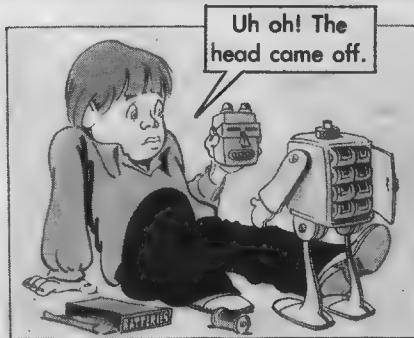
Real kids hate dressing up. They don't enjoy looking like miniature versions of adults. And to show their displeasure, they squirm, itch and keep asking ...



So they put up with wearing the clothes as long as they can before they're either told that they can take the outfit off because the day is over or because ...



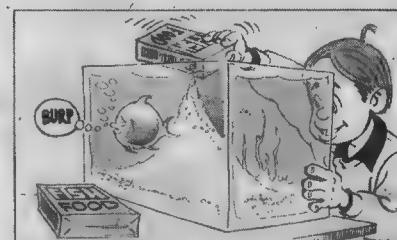
Real kids like any toy that uses more than 4 batteries. It must also be able to be broken in under two weeks.



If the toy is tough and lasts beyond the two week period, a real kid will then lose complete interest in it.



GOLDFISH



PETS—Real kids love having dogs and cats, but they also like to have other pets which, unfortunately, never seem to last too long for one reason or another. Pets like

PARAKEETS



HAMSTERS

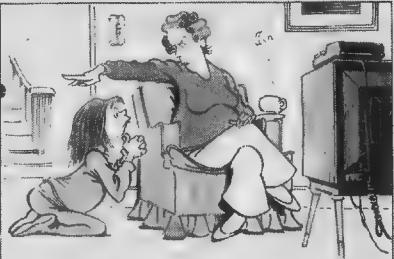


Real kids hate the majority of relatives who visit them. They hate the aunts who pinch their cheeks and tell them "I remember you when you were this tall" and who prod them into telling them how much they love them and who give them socks, underwear and a savings bond for their birthday.

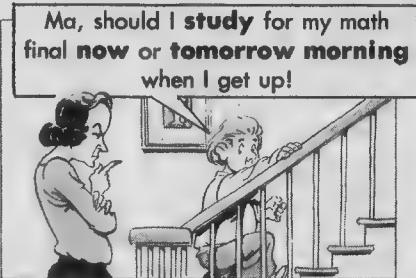
The only kinds of relatives kids really like are the kinds who visit when they're not around.



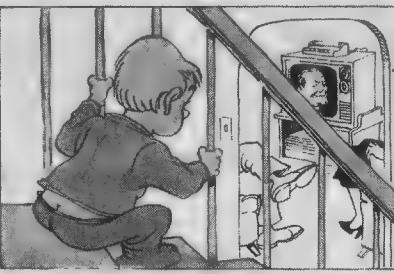
Real kids never go to bed when they're supposed to. They'll always beg to see just one more show on TV:



Or they'll suddenly remember important things they didn't do before.



And if they do agree to go to bed without a struggle, suspect something immediately because a real kid doesn't give up that easily.



Real kids don't eat spinach. In addition, they don't eat turnips, wax beans, any dish in a white sauce . . .

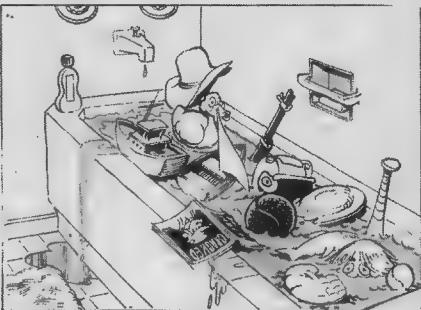


Or anything that takes more than 11 minutes to prepare.

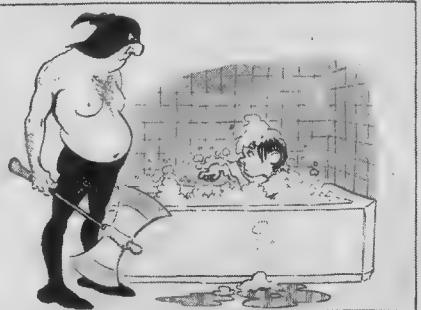


BATHS—Real kids will not take one if they're informed the sole purpose of this activity is to get clean.

A real kid, however, can be persuaded into taking a bath if he can either bring some playthings along with him . . .



Or if his parents show that they really mean business.



Real kids don't ask their parents for something; they nag them.



They also whine, cry, pout, threaten to hold their breath ...



... plead, beg, throw in, "But Tom's mother is letting him!", yell, connive and do tens of other little tricks until they finally get what they want (which 9 times out of 10 they usually do).

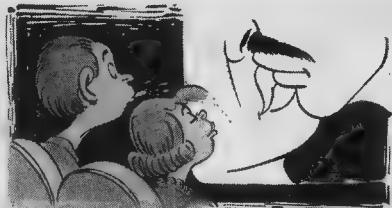
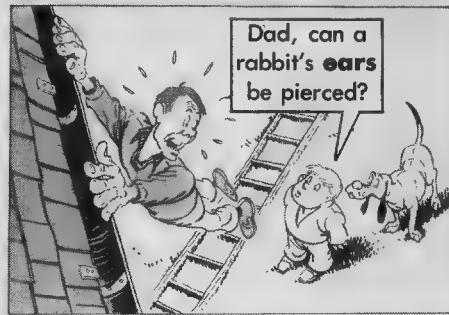
Real kids like to ask questions, some of which help to shape their little minds.



While other questions asked are just plain dumb.

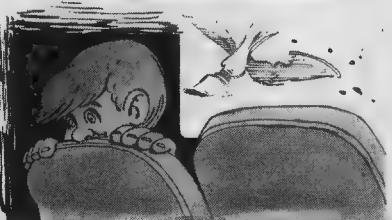


But 90% of the questions from a real kid (whether asked for knowledge or just to hear their own little voices) seem to come at the most inopportune times.



Movies—A real kid will insist that his parents take him to see a certain movie (whether he knows what it's about or not) because all of his friends have done likewise and achieved success.

However, once there, be assured that a real kid will ask for popcorn 3 times, get up to go to the bathroom twice, close his eyes whenever someone kisses a girl and, ultimately, ask to leave before the film is less than half over.



Real kids hate doing homework. They also dislike going to plays, museums and concerts. They love when it snows a lot, but hate when the storm arrives on a Friday afternoon and is all cleared up by Sunday night.



And real kids do and say a lot of other trying things. But then they'll suddenly do one small thing to make up for all the other miserable acts they've committed and that's when you realize a real kid's greatest asset—that he's around!



High school and college students find that the competition for summer jobs gets fiercer every year. CRACKED suggests the only sure fire way of guaranteeing summer employment is by ...

CREATING YOUR OWN SUMMER JOBS

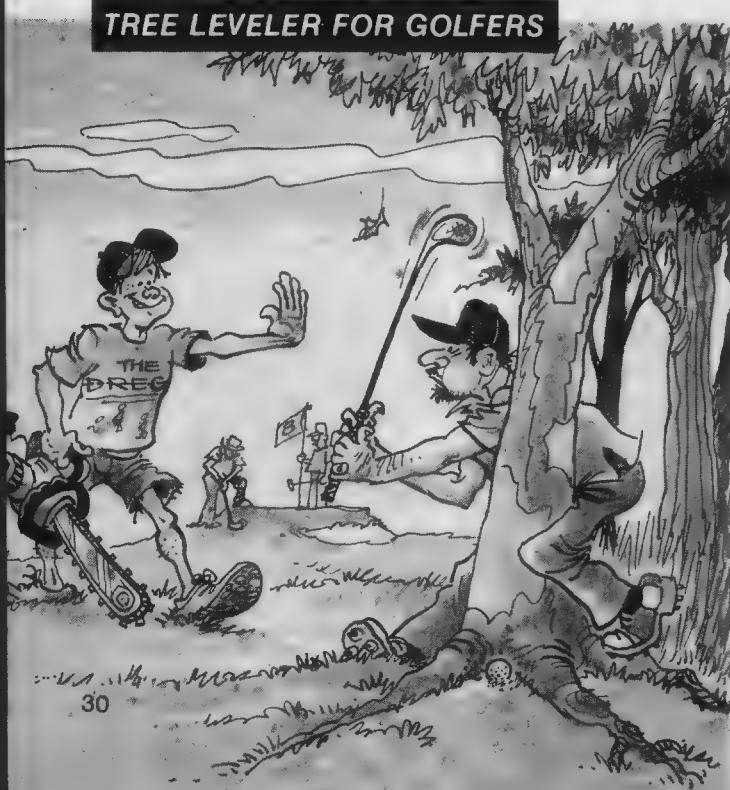
USHERING SERVICE AT OVERCROWDED BEACHES

Miss Plotkin and a party of three desire a place near the life guard station!

WE WON'T GET MAD IF YOU GET CRACKED



TREE LEVELER FOR GOLFERS

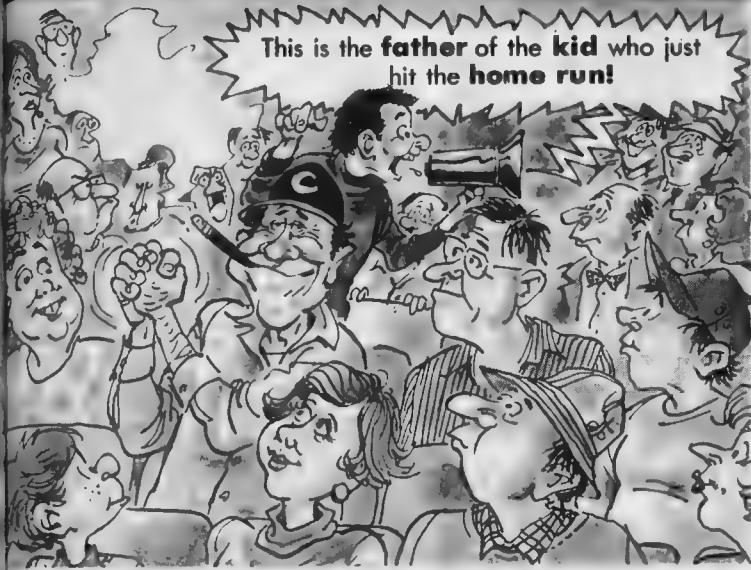


BELL RINGER FOR WEAKLINGS WHO ARE TRYING TO IMPRESS THEIR GIRLFRIENDS



**PUBLIC RELATIONS MAN FOR THE
DADS OF LITTLE LEAGUE HEROES**

This is the **father** of the kid who just
hit the **home run**!



**NOISE MAKER FOR PARENTS WHO DON'T WANT
THEIR KIDS TO HEAR THE ICE CREAM MAN.**



**SNACK VENDOR FOR DEDICATED SURFERS
WHO CAN'T TEAR THEMSELVES AWAY
FROM THE WATER**



**VENDOR OF FROZEN SEAT CUSHIONS FOR
PEOPLE WHO'VE PARKED THEIR
CARS IN THE BROILING SUN**



**BALLOON PLACE-MARKER TO HELP BATHERS
FIND THE WAY BACK TO THEIR BLANKET.**



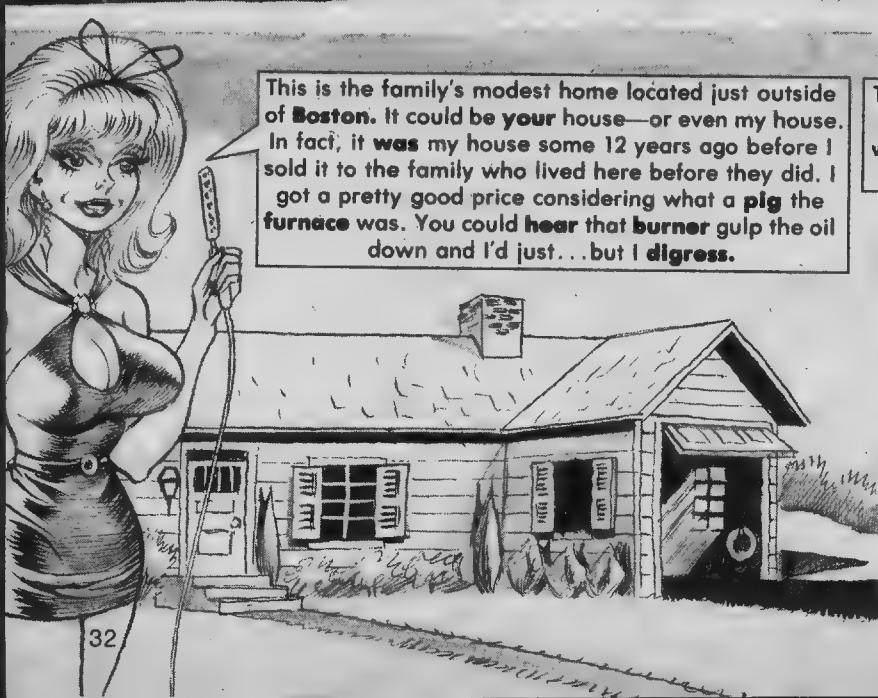
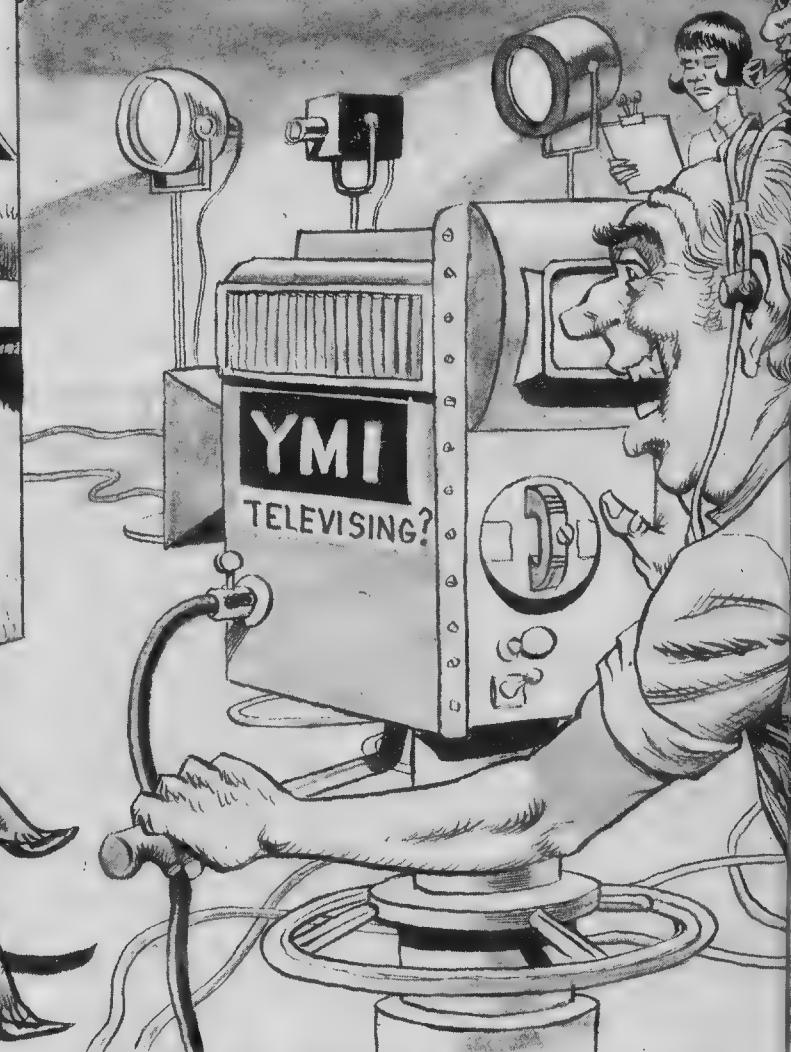
DISCOURAGER OF UNINVITED POOL GUESTS

Here come some **more** kids! I better climb back into the pool!



Last July, President Carter called on Americans everywhere to help limit this country's dependency on foreign oil by doing all we could to cut back on our use of it. Well, as of this moment, some have ignored the plea, some have complied a little and one family, spurred on by the father of the household, has managed to cut back its use by 95%. We salute that man and his family and have decided to show you this month just how he does it as

CRACKED INTERVIEWS THE ENERGY CONSERVATION KING



That's Mr. Average out front cutting the lawn. No, I'm not kidding. That's their name. You didn't believe me when I told you they were the Average family living in America. Mr. Average, can we speak with you?



Nanny
Dickering
for
CRACKED
Magazine.

Why, yes—we pass up your wonderful magazine nearly every month over at our supermarket. How are you?

Sir, you and your family have been cited by the White House for conserving more energy than any family in the United States. How do you do it?

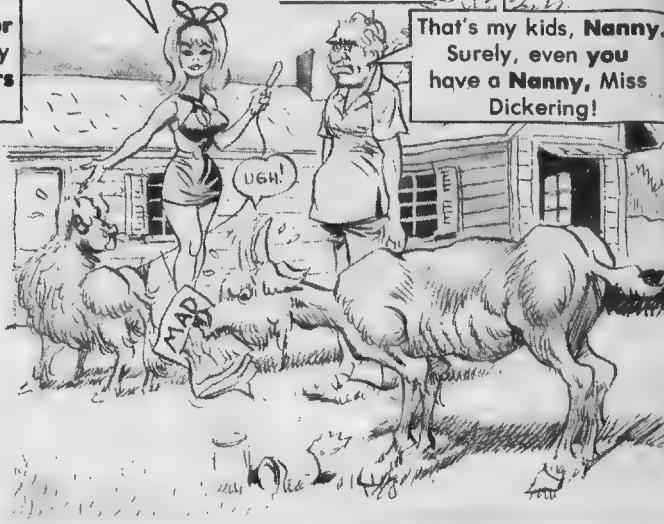
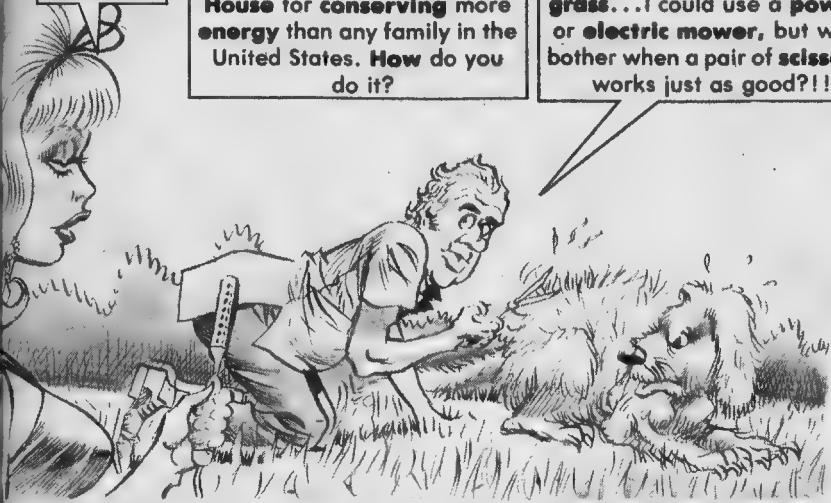
Well, we just try harder than most. Like cutting the grass... I could use a power or electric mower, but why bother when a pair of scissors works just as good?!!

As background, could you describe your household for us?

Well, we're your typical American family—a father, mother, 2 kids...

And a goat?

That's my kids, Nanny. Surely, even you have a Nanny, Miss Dickering!



I make your average salary raising bread crumbs in the back-yard which my wife and I sell door-to-door.

And you're now heeding the president's plea for energy conservation doing all you can?

Yes, ma'am. It's patriotic... economic... and may, one day, even result in my being able to afford the fully manual artichoke slicer the little woman's always wanted.



Tell me, Mrs. Average...

Please... call me **Below** like all my friends. It's a nickname I got on account of my height.

All right. Tell me, **Below**, how has this conservation program affected you?

Not too much. Like most women, my daughter and I still wash clothes in this stream out back.



You never used an automatic washer?

They've developed one?... Joe, you said they never...

They're close, honey, but they're still not perfected. Believe me, a rock and stream is much more effective.

Oh.



Joe,
how do
you and
your
family
get
about?

Strictly by bike—and we car pool or bike pool I guess is the proper term. Here, I have a photo. Joe Junior and Penny are dropped off at school first and then I get dropped off at the store to pick up boxes for packaging our crumbs.



Night is now falling on the Average household and if you look at their home, once again behind me, you'll notice that it's completely dark. That's right. The family wastes absolutely no electricity on lighting.



Joe, has living without lights affected your life at all? I mean, does it change any of your habits? Does it...

Nanny, is that you? We're in the other room!

Joe?... Right here, Nanny.
I'd like you to meet my son, Joe Jr.

Fuzzy little devil.
Funny, Nanny. That's the goat you're shaking hands with.

Be honest. Do you think my son looks more like me or my wife?

In this light, I'd have to say he looks more like Gary Coleman.

Mr. Average, what do you and your family do all night in the dark?

Well, we sew, work on our moth collection, read...

Read? How do you read in this light?

Very slowly.



Penny, what about you? Your dad tells me that you don't have a stereo or radio. You're a teenager. What do you do when you want to hear music?

I hum.

Wonderful!

Or, I open my window.

To hear the serene sounds of a chirping robin?

SAVE A WATT.

(WHAT?)

DATE

GIVE UP THE FIGHT TURN OFF THE LIGHT

YUBBA-DUBBA-DOO-O-

No, to hear the turned up sounds of our neighbor's record player.

What about your long, silky hair? How do you dry that?

I either hang out by the highway and let the breeze from the whizzing cars do the job or sit in the backyard during a mild windstorm.

But what if you need your hair in a hurry?

Then I use these. They're specially trained.

See? The flapping dries my hair in minutes!

You're a remarkable girl, Penny.

Mr. Average, I'm told that you still have your furnace.

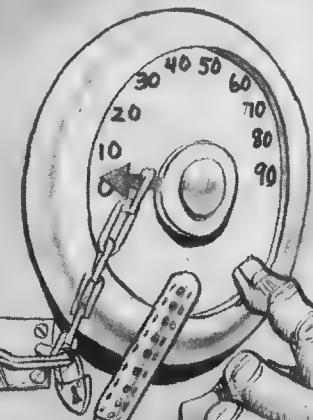
That's correct. But if you check our thermostat, you'll see that it's set a couple of degrees below Mr. Carter's requested 65° level.

Aren't there disadvantages living in that temperature range?

Oh sure. But there's also lots of advantages.

Like what?

Like there's always plenty of ice available when you want it for cold drinks.



But what about that cold? After all, this is **Boston** and winter nights can get pretty **nippy**.

You just learn to **dress** with the **climate**... Here... This is a photo of us sitting around one night when it was 8° laughing and singing.

Where are all of you? All I see are 4 stacks of blankets.

That's us.

And in the summer?

Let me ask this one of you **Joe, Jr.** Do you use air conditioning?

And what's that?

Heck no, Miss Dickerling. We do something much more patriotic.

We sweat!

You see, Nanny, Americans today are just plain **lazy**. Instead of a **regular** can opener, they use an **electric** one. And instead of a **straight** razor, they go and buy one with **rotary blades** that plugs into the wall.

Mr. Average, you and your family have really affected me!!

In fact, right after I sign off, I think I may never use this electric 'mike' again.

Where are all of you going this evening?

Good for you!

Hey, come on, Joe. We're gonna be late.

Next door. There's a football game I just gotta catch on the boob tube tonight.

And I've gotta borrow Mrs. Henderson's electric curlers. My hair's a mess.

And Joe Jr. and I wanna try Mr. H's new electronic computer game.

And this is **Nanny Dickerling** wishing you all a good night.

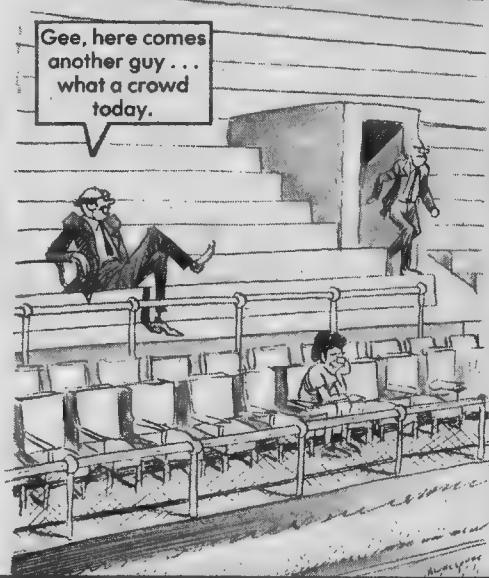
You know, I'm not trying to cast stones, Miss Dickerling, 'cause the **Hendersons** are wonderful people, but **GAD!** The electricity those people use is sinful!!

I can imagine!

When you watch a baseball game at present, doesn't it seem to unfold as if it were being played like this?



Well, you're not the only one because, as a result, even on a sunny afternoon, most stadiums are not quite full.

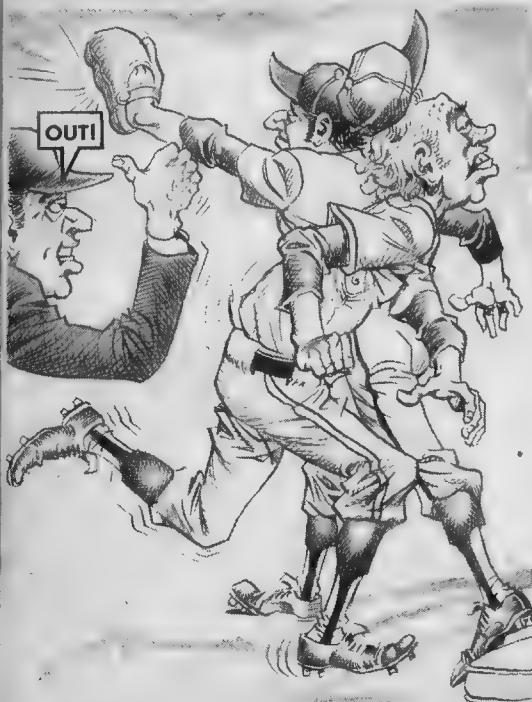


What's to be done? Who will save America's once number one favorite pastime?

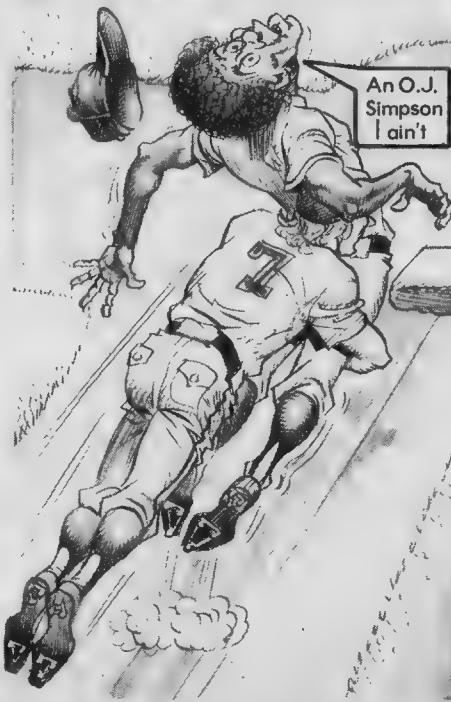
Have no fear! CRACKED is here with some suggestions on

HOW TO MAKE BASEBALL MORE INTERESTING

Presently, the way of getting a man out, is like this.



However, this is just too passive. So, an out should be allowed to be made like this . . .



or this . . .



or this . . .



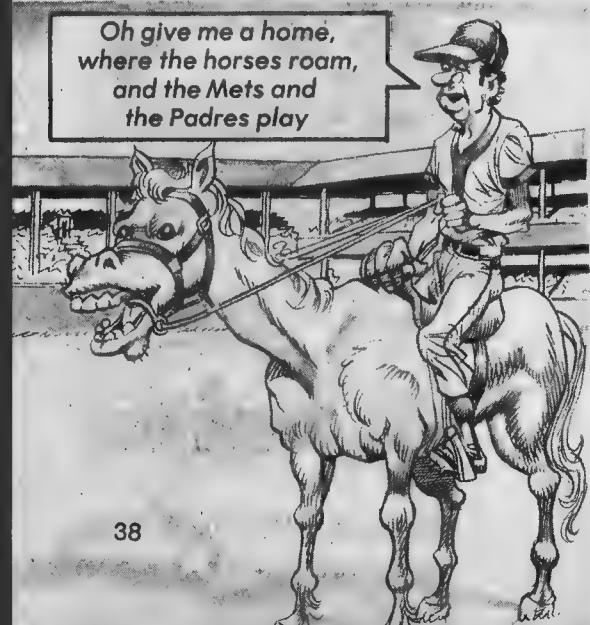
This way, when a runner isn't hit home right away, there'd be an added problem.

And if the Mets don't hit McDuffy home soon, he's gonna be a goner.



In addition, the outfielders should be equipped differently.

Oh give me a home, where the horses roam, and the Mets and the Padres play



or this . . .



Another suggestion, to help add more suspense to the game, is to re-design second base.

What's that under the bag?

Quicksand.



This will help make those dull fly balls more interesting to catch.



This way, you'll see some action when a fielder has to hustle for a ball . . .

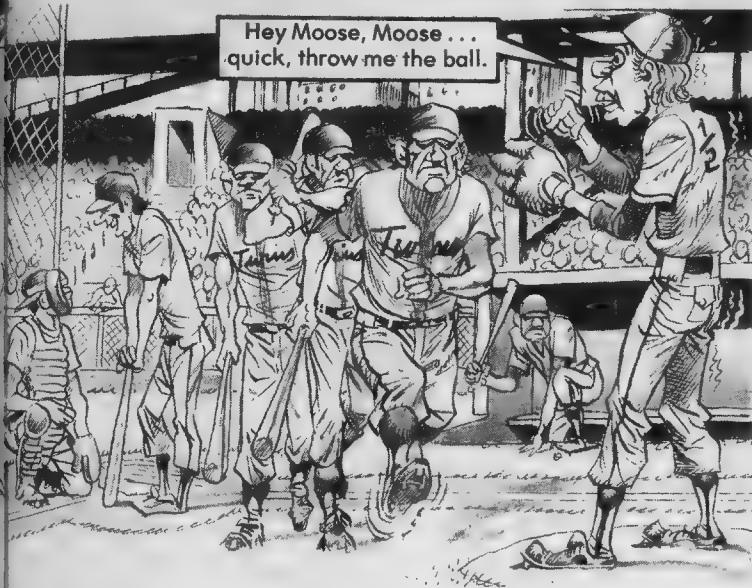
. . . and also when he can't make the throw to the plate on time.



Since "one on one" is dull, three or four teams should also be scheduled to play simultaneously.



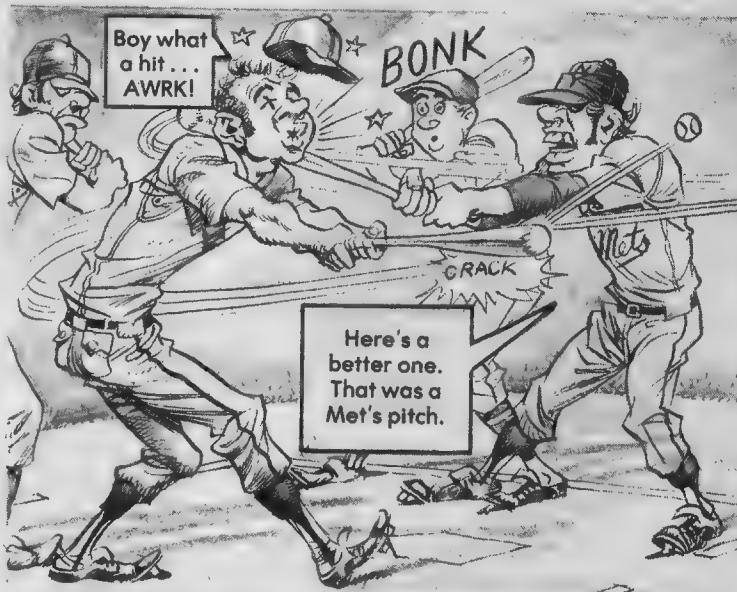
And when the pitcher doesn't have the ball, the opposing side should be permitted to try and knock him out of the game.



And, disagreements with the umpire, which always lead to excitement, **SHOULD** be allowed.



With four batters up at the same time... there's bound to be more excitement on the field.



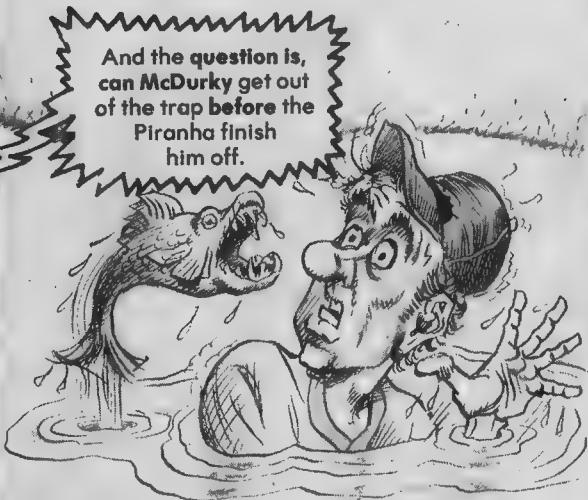
And while a batter is taking a boring, full count to hit, entertainment should be provided.



In addition, bases might be made movable...



... with watertraps in the field.



There should be no regulation size and shape for bats.



And because so many batters hit fouls, buttons might be installed on each deck.



And the game shouldn't be restricted to just men.



When hit, these buttons would activate a door behind the batter.

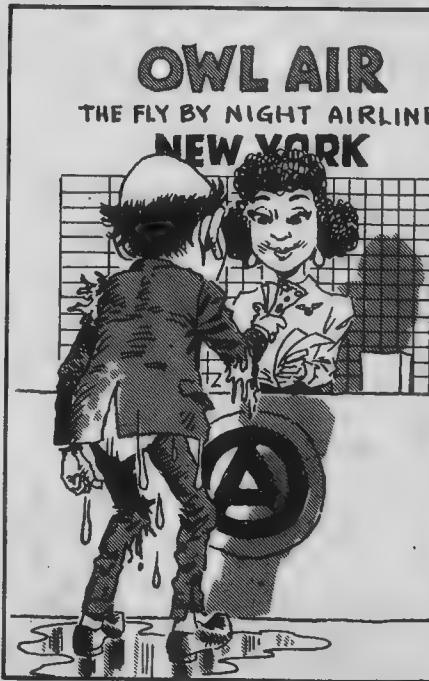


The batter has 10 seconds to de-activate the lion or he is called out.



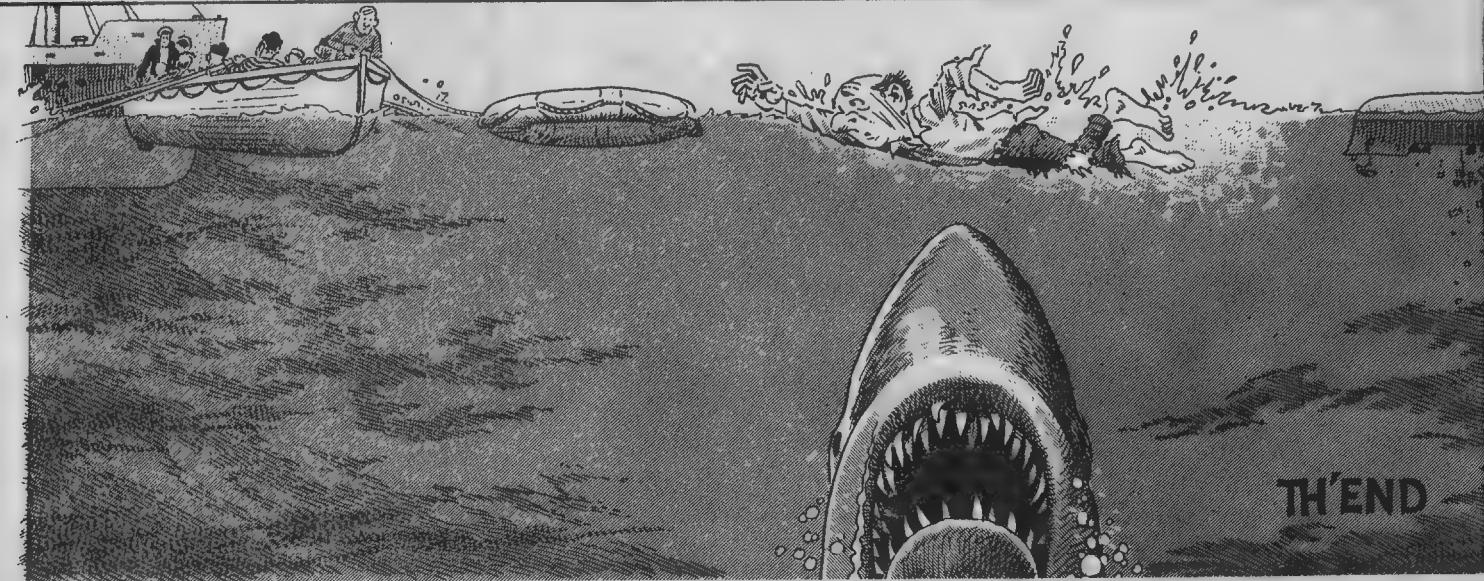
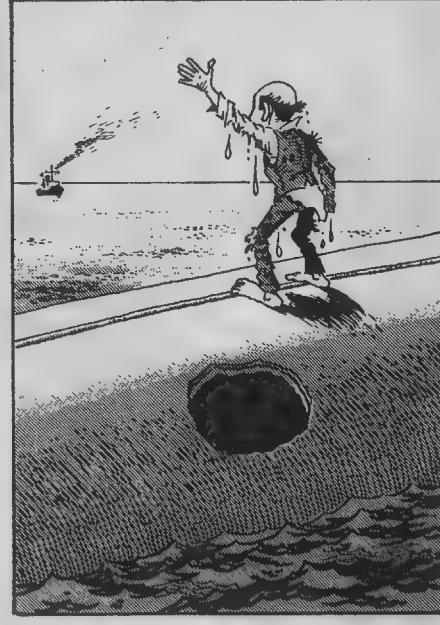
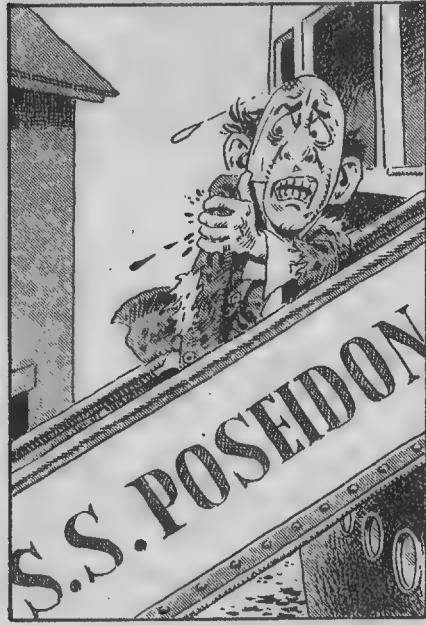
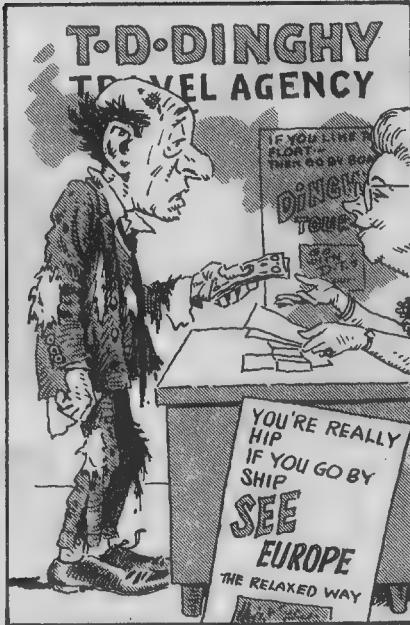
Yes, in no time, thanks to CRACKED, the dull game of baseball would look something like this.



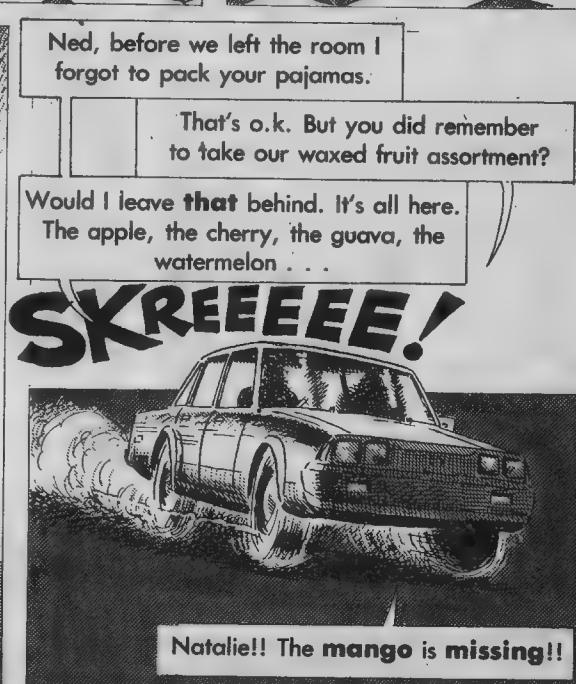
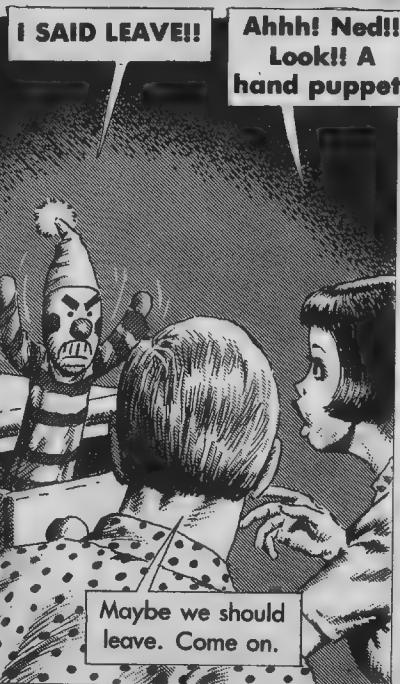
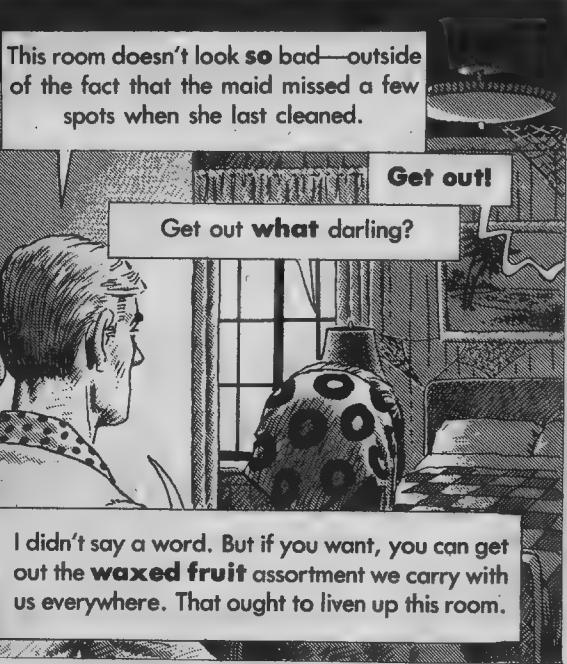
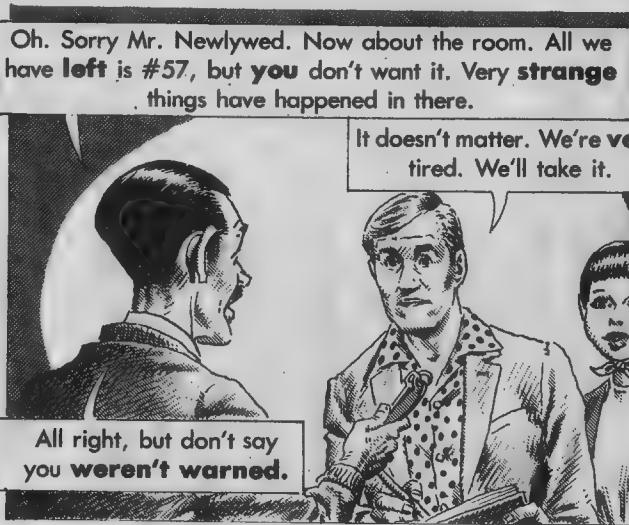
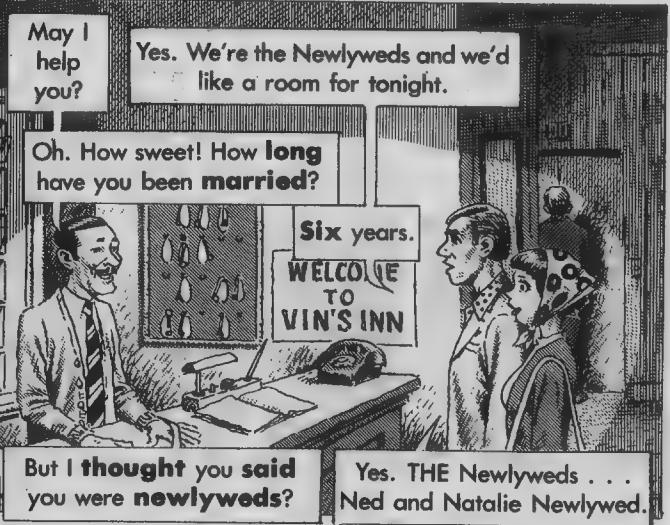


CRACKED is talking very loud because you want your argument to be sound!

CRACKED is wearing an electronic pacemaker and
every time you sneeze, the garage door goes up!



PRO-LOG



And that's how CBS's newest Thursday night hit begins. A mood is created and a murder, kidnapping or theft is committed. Of course, we never really know all the facts. About the only thing we're 100% certain of is that the victims of the crime will eventually bring their case to two men—a pair of wise-cracking private eyes who are brothers and love to monkey around. That's why we've taken to calling them and their show

SIMIAN & SIMIAN

Come on
Bluejay.
PULL!

I am pulling! It's just that this jar is
really stuck! How'd you get your
head caught in here anyway?

I was hungry, didn't have a knife and the jar was
nearly empty, so I tried to lick the bottom and
before I knew it . . .

Hold on a second.
There's the door.

DING!
DING!
DONG!
DONG!
DING!
DING!
BING!
DING!
DONG!

Yes?

Are you Brick and Bluejay Simian,
the private investigators?

Yes. What brings you here?

Well, to be honest, we wanted to bring our case to
Magnum, P.I. but he was all booked up for the
season.

So then we thought of **Matt Houston**,
but he's not on 'til Sunday and we
needed help immediately.

Well, you came to the right place.
We've got much better credentials
than Matt Houston.

How's that?

He's #47 in the
ratings...we're #9.

Well then, let's
get down to work.

Fine with us.

BASH!

A few nights ago my wife and
I stayed at Vin's Inn.

Vin's Inn in Lynn?

No, Vin's Inn in Flynn.

NIELSEN
RATING
REPORT

Well they told us they only had one room left and, to make a long story short (so our viewers don't get bored because they already saw this at the beginning of the show), after we ran out, we discovered later that our **mango** was missing.



It's a beautiful collection.

Ned went back to the room yesterday to look for the mango but it was gone. We suspect **foul play**.

Come on! The only foul plays I ever saw were at the world series.

Now go and leave everything to us.

Any ideas how you'll begin?

Same way we do every week—by interviewing some **weirdo** who has absolutely nothing to do with this case, but who gives Brick and myself a chance to do a whole lot of one-liners.

Terrific!

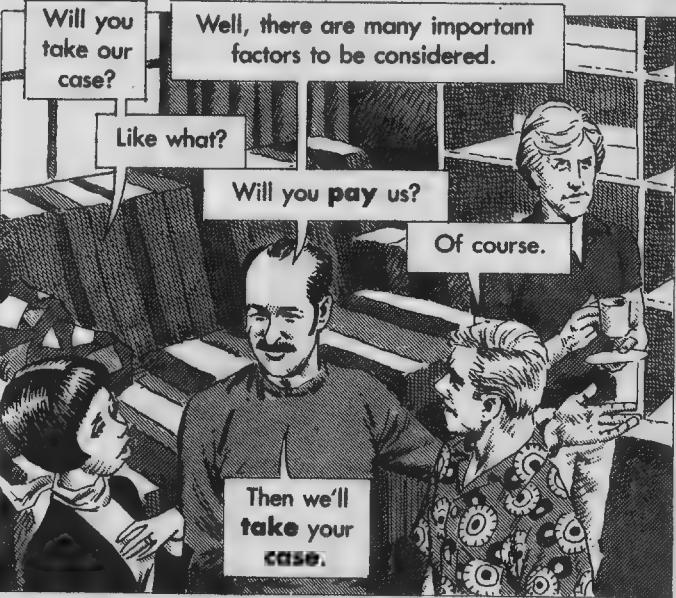
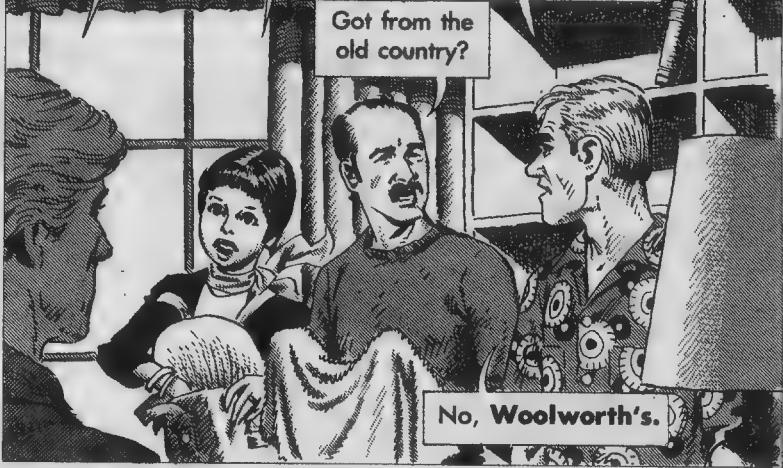
FUH!



Could we see the waxed fruit assortment?

It's in my bag. Ned and I bring it everywhere.

It's a family heirloom that my father got from his father and his father



Then we'll take your case.

And you say you were in the room two floors down from The Newlyweds?

Yes. My wife and I were arm wrestling to see who'd phone the manager for ice.

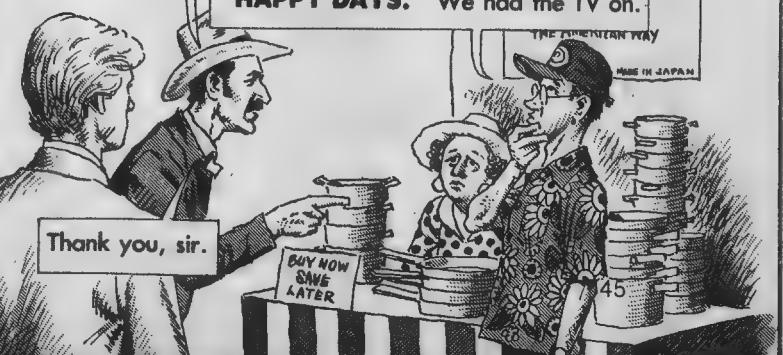
Did you see anything funny that night?

Let me think . . . why yes!

What?

"**HAPPY DAYS.**" We had the TV on.

DISPOSABLE PAPER
WOTS'N PAWS
\$1 EACH



Perhaps we should interview the bellhop next.

The inn doesn't have a bellhop.

Hmm. Then let's save the bellhop 'till later.

Good idea. Let's try the desk clerk.



Now what?

I think it's time to try one of our favorite tricks.

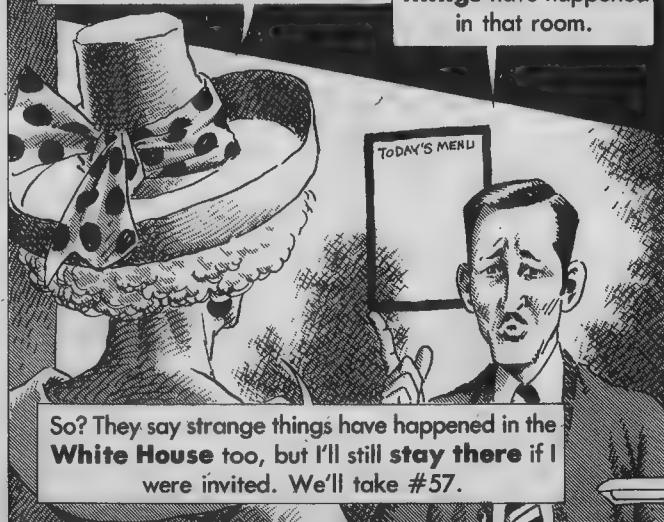
Sawing an eggroll in half?

No, resorting to disguises. We'll masquerade as guests so we can get into the room.



How about #57? My husband hates staying in a room higher than his I.Q.

But they say strange things have happened in that room.



So? They say strange things have happened in the White House too, but I'll still stay there if I were invited. We'll take #57.

I don't care if you are private investigators, you can't see room #57. Only guests are allowed past this desk. Of course, if you were Magnum, P.I. I might make an exception, but aside from that, I'm sorry.

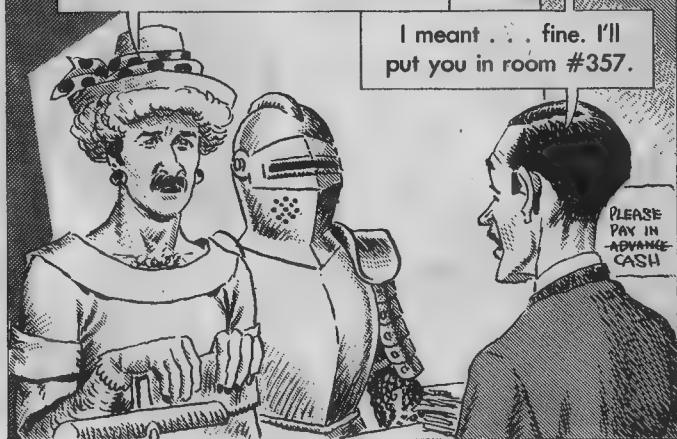


Excuse me, but me and my husband, the Knight, would like a room for the day.

What about the night?

I just said he wanted a room too!

I meant . . . fine. I'll put you in room #357.



Suit yourself.

That's room #57 for . . . ? Mr. and Mrs. Heinz.

Let me just jot that down. Heinz . . . 57. Have a good evening.



I don't see any mango. And I don't see anything strange.

Maybe we should open the shades.

Yeah. That might shed some light on the case.

That's her over there. The one getting into that airplane.

After her!

We can't PAY you!

WHAT?!? Pizazz, excitement, entertainment, inspiration, humor, gusto can all go out the window—along with you guys too!

WE'LL WORK OUT SOMETHING ...
TAKE MY WATCH ... MY SHIRT ...

Look over here. A brown hair.

Say wait a minute! When we were walking through the lobby before, I remember seeing a woman who had brown hair just like this.

So? Lots of women have brown hair.

Yes, but I remember remarking to myself, "That woman is missing a hair!"

Good detective work.
Let's go find her.

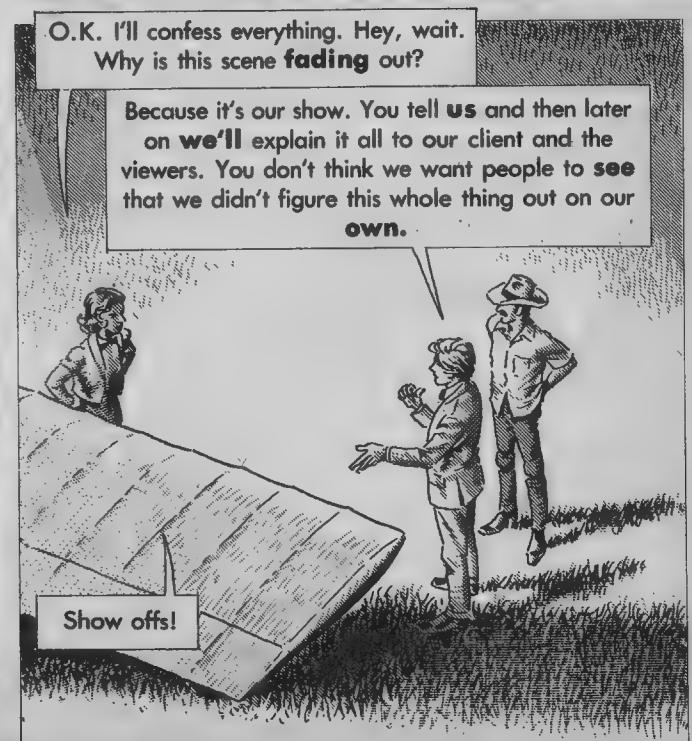
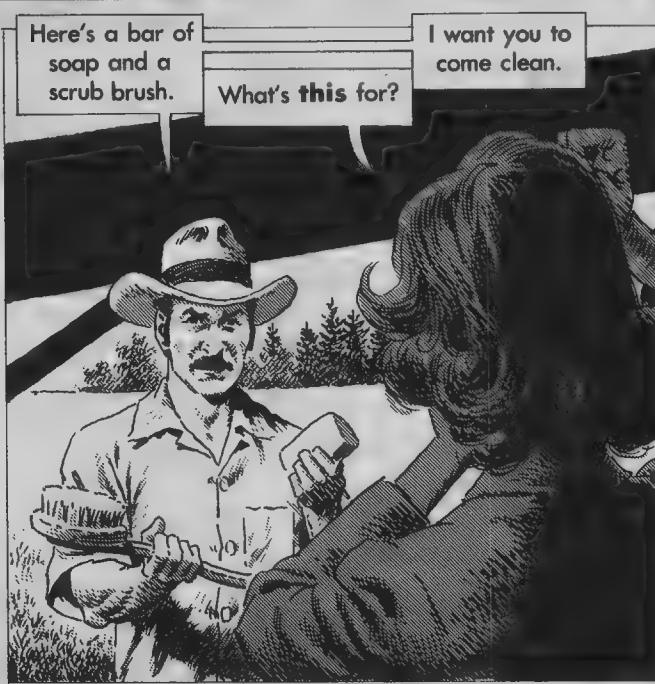
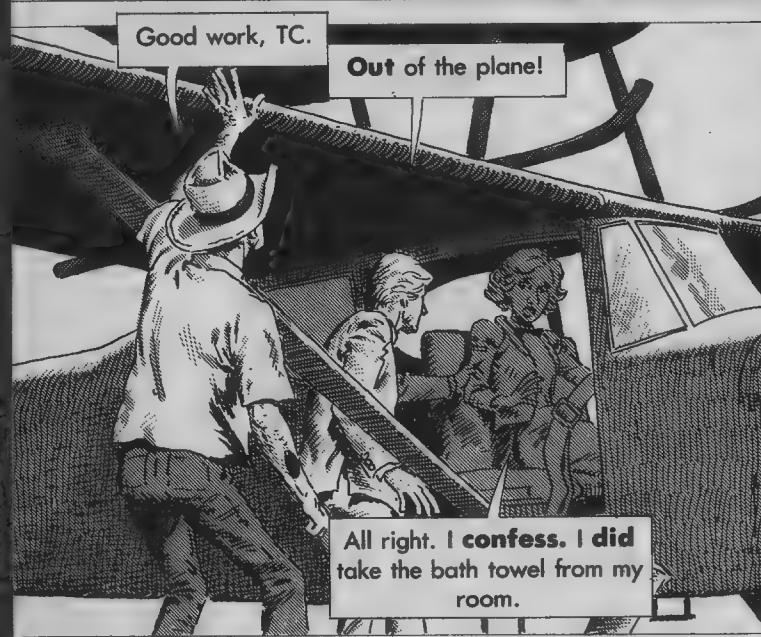
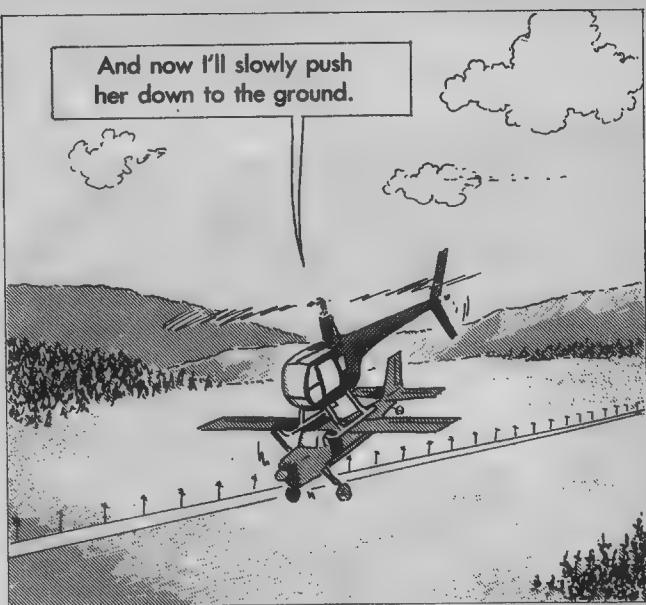
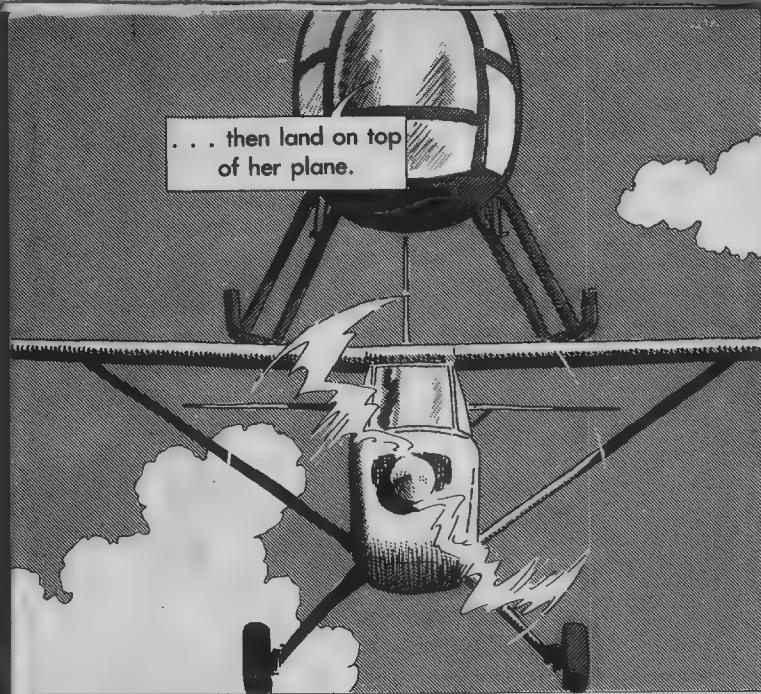
Looks like we got down to the lobby just in time. A second later and we would have missed this spectacular air chase written into the show.

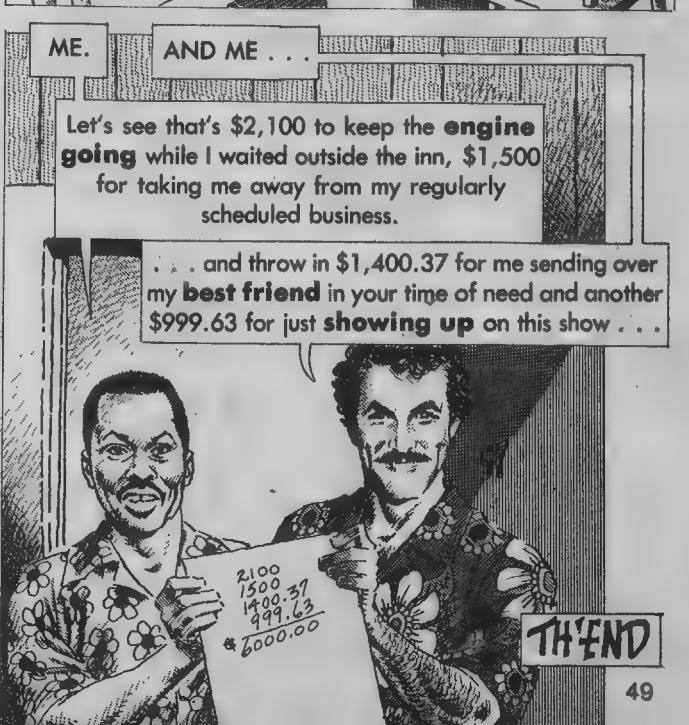
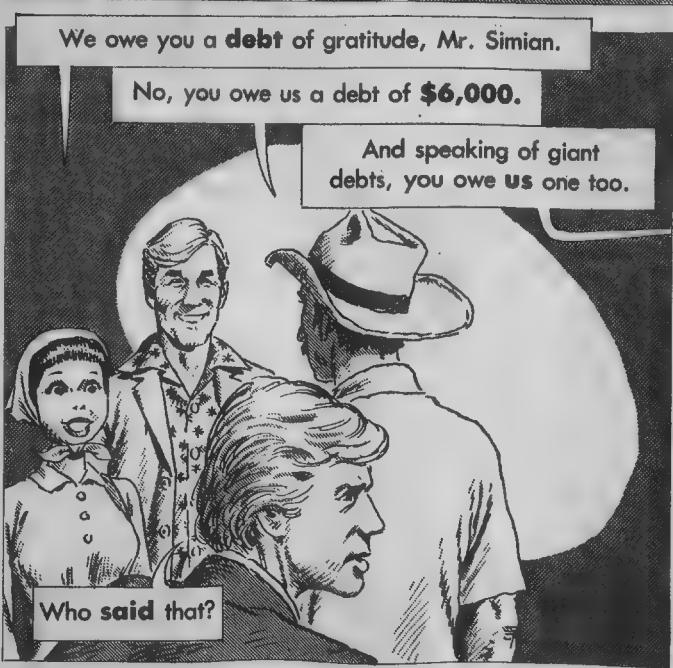
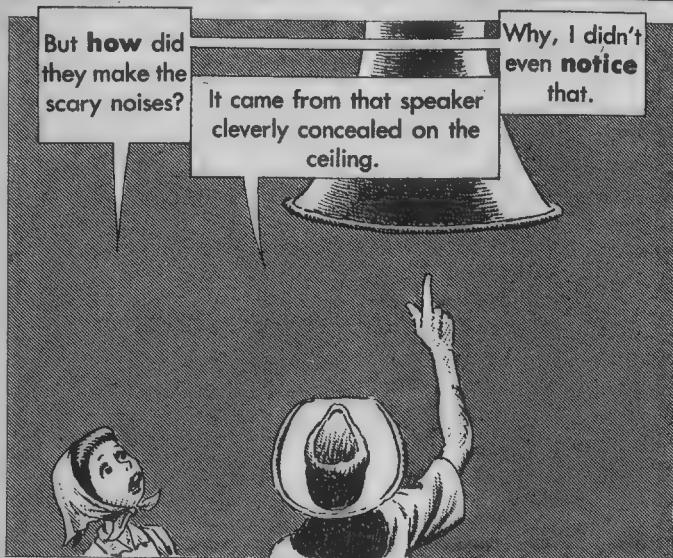
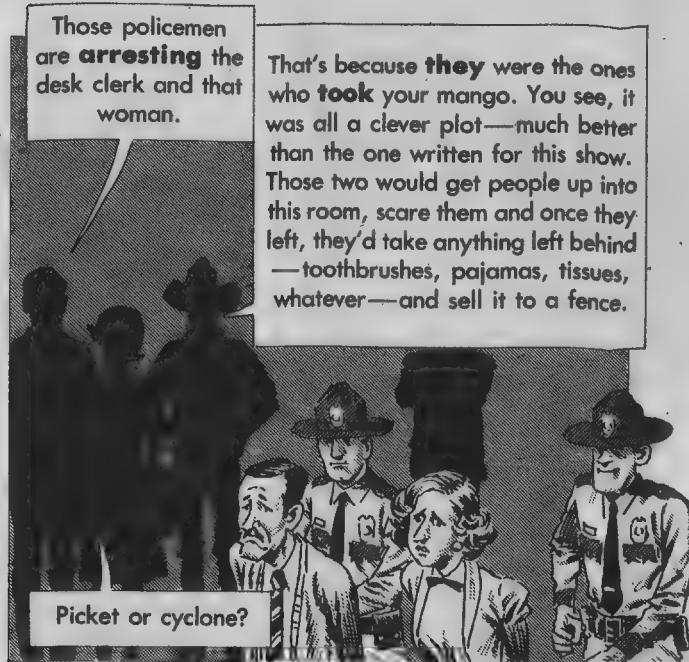
Hey, what are YOU doin' here?

Magnum sent me—he said that this show needed more pizazz, excitement, entertainment, inspiration, humor, gusto . . .

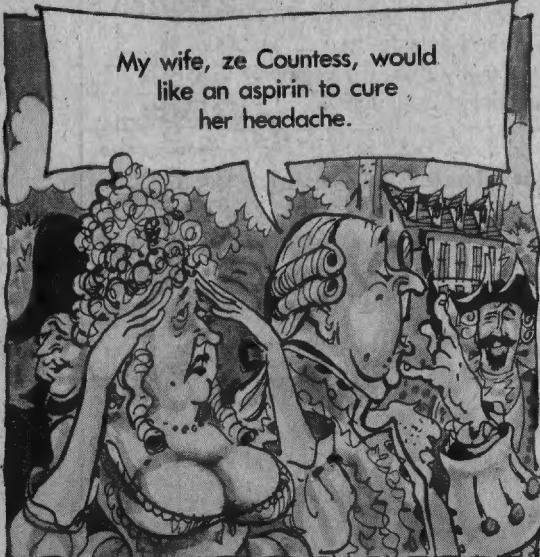
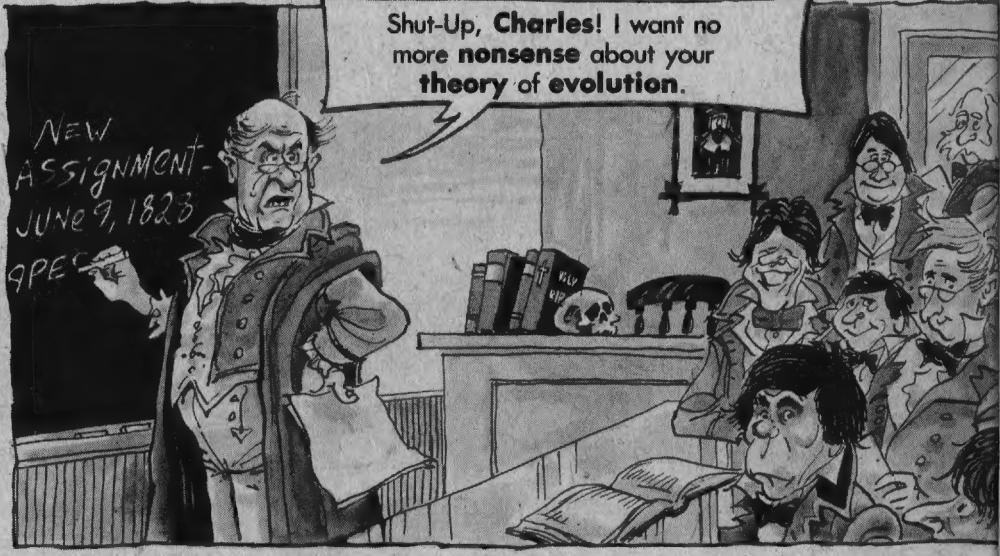
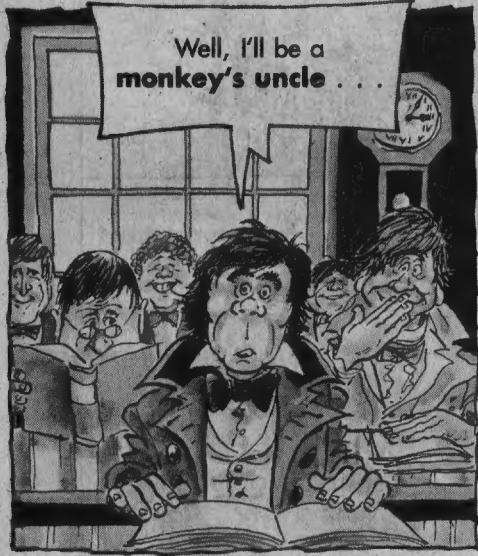
THAT'S BETTER...
(works everytime!)

NOW . . . on with the show.
I'm gonna try something
—I'll fly over her . . .





SHUT-UPS



THERE WAS NO PLACE
TO HANG THIS POSTER.
THINK OF THAT!

*This poster is brought to you
by the CRACKED Society to Prevent
Historical Confusion.*

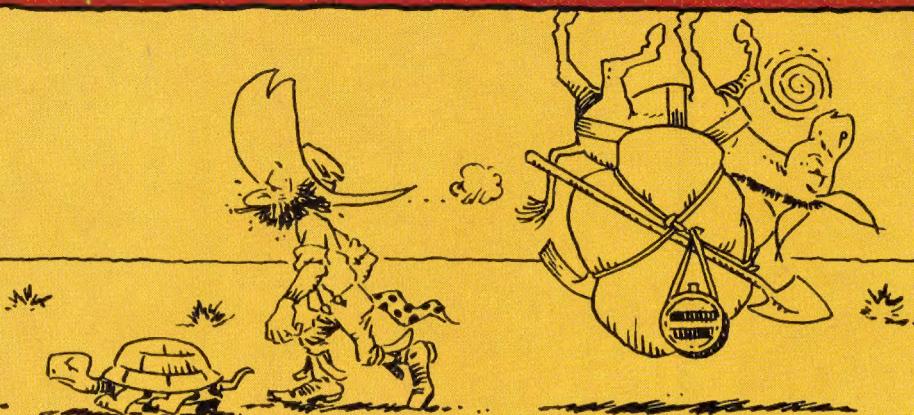
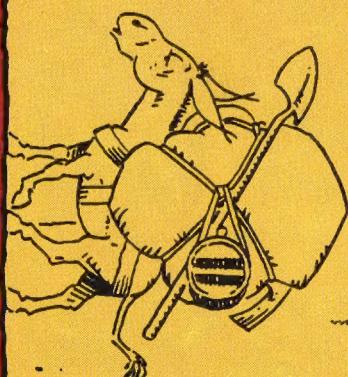
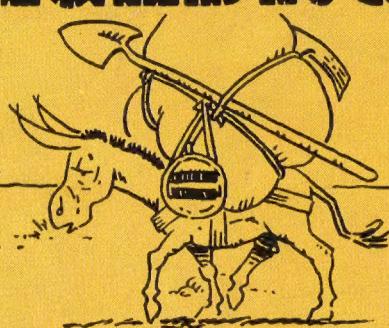
(A Non-Profit Institution - but we didn't plan it that way.)



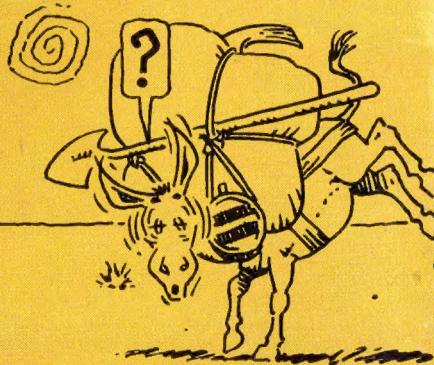
SACREDBRUSH

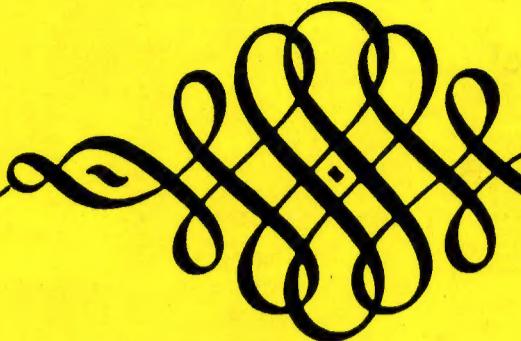
by SEVERIN + MF

52



C'MON, YOU LAZY
GOOD FOR NOTHIN'!
KEEP UP WITH ME!!



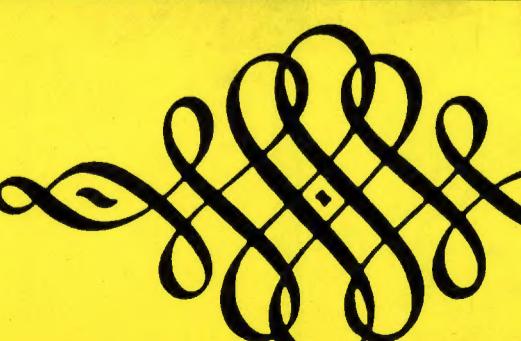


Historical Poster

ON THIS SPOT
IN 1197 A.D. THIS WALL
WAS NOT HERE.

BECAUSE OF THIS FACT
THERE WAS NO PLACE
TO HANG THIS POSTER.

THINK OF THAT!



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by the **CRACKED** Society to Prevent
Historical Confusion.*

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